

Escapade

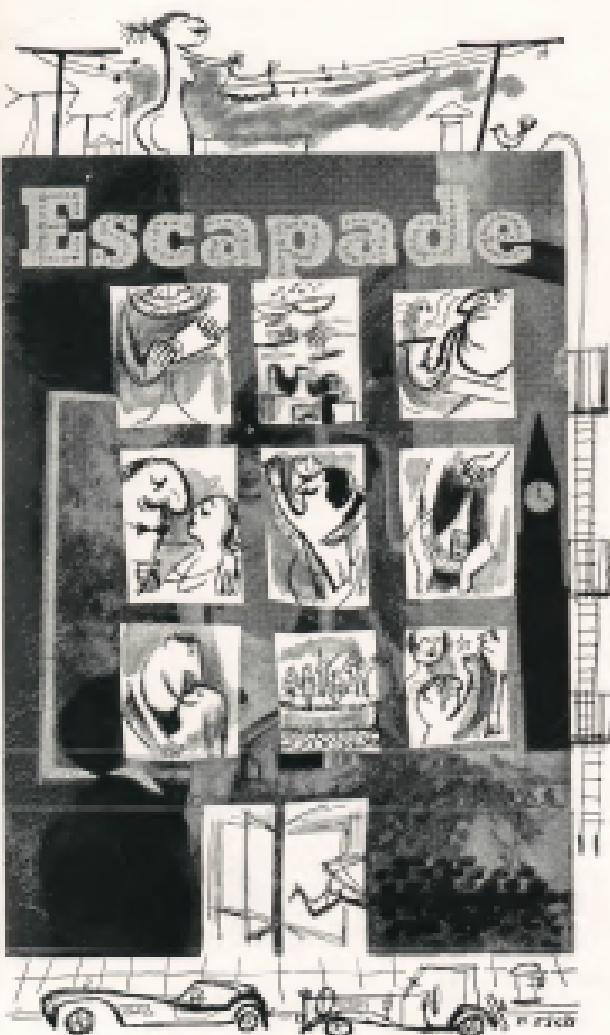
SEPTEMBER 1956 50 CENTS



EXCLUSIVE IN ESCAPADE:

Campus Fashions, 1956
The Folies Bergere
Jazz Recording Session

"I'm getting ready for Escapade's first birthday party . . .



and you're invited! It is going to be held between the covers of the October issue — the biggest and brightest *Escarade* you've ever seen!"

The October issue, Volume II, Number 1, starts *Escarade* on its second year of bringing sophisticated entertainment to American readers, and it will be jam-packed with an eye-opening array of colorful fiction, articles and the girls for which *Escarade* has become famous.

But that's a month away, and meanwhile, we're pretty proud of this issue, the twentieth *Escarade* since we began publication a year ago. Ward Brown has come up with another tantalizing piece of satirical fiction in "I'm Hanging By My Toes," the story of a disillusioned movie writer at the end of his creative tether.

Escarade's own Joe Kneller went in a recording session featuring a group of outstanding progressive musicians and came back with a blow-by-blow account of what goes on at each proceeding (see "New Sound").

Never tiring in its quest for unusual feminine beauty, *Escarade* assigned John Magee to an exclusive interview with gorgeous Tina Louise, and the result is the handsomely illustrated "Knotting Hearts."

And *Escarade's* talented traveling editor, Harry Roskolenko, paid a visit to the famed Folies Bergere in Paris and forwarded some delectable photos and an accompanying article which is so descriptive of the naughty carryings-on at the Folies that to read it is to be there.

There's much, much more — stories, articles, humor and satire and, of course, pretty girls. Including some very rare pictures of Miss U.S.A.

We believe that you'll find "The Thirty Men," by Leonard Frazee, to be one of the finest examples of short-story writing ever to be published in a magazine of general circulation. We're proud to present it.

In fact, we're pretty pleased with the whole issue.

BIMINI PLATEAU, BIFURCATION AND PREDATION

USING CLOUDS AS STORES

THE COUNCIL OF THE STATE

第十一章 财务管理

APPENDIX: Additional Air Pollution

PREGNANCY AND PARTURITION. Chrysanthemum 145

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escapade

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DIATRICE STATE, Missouri. State geological Report on the Geology of the State of Missouri, 1900-1901.

ESCAPADE IN HOLLYWOOD

With the current lack of the screen's latest extravaganzas, art-porn and otherwise, aimed to hit the box office and fill profit tables in the nation's 3,000 drive-in theaters to have done away from appearing over a hot TV set at home, the film industry's Sysy Lock at the cross of its latest boom is sharply pointed up.

One of the Hollywood specialists of the past few years that has been all to the good of the paying public is the collage of the multi-colored star system. The top players all used to be under exclusive contracts to their studios, which dictated when and if they should work, what pictures they should make, and even what to require their private lives post-poor from their "backstage."

Today, the star's dictation makes no more. The studio bigwigs have no way till the glamour king or queen they want is available, and the star's agent is more than happy to oblige. "We will sign over the months to them," our blossoming executive agent recently betwixt pages of *Hollywood*.

This situation stems from Michael's glamour has passed, when the making of *TT* and the setting down of returning G.G.'s hit the jilted studio moguls caught with millions of dollars waiting uneasily in safes as idle investors sat waiting at Palm Springs, and the speculator markets closed up.

An economic set set, the uncertainties in oil-governance shopped their systems in the doves, and when things inexplicably began to pick up at the economic wheel turned, the star and her try, having had a case of breaking the thumbs, soon found they could make out just as well or better, and be happier, free-living.

There, with mounting personal income rates came the general of the war in imposing and protecting his or her own person. So today, with movies and TV rebothering in the uncommunicative shapes of entertainment, and the theaters, particularly the driv-ins, filled again, the star is riding at the top and can write his own ticket. The result is a much healthier industry and increasingly better and more mature product from Hollywood.

Example of the ascendancy of man and the superhuman need of today is Don Schary's filming of the best selling "Kingdom Come," but the author relates, after almost a decade on the Sam Rayburn Management Corp., who found himself in more demand than ever after writing it out for three years in New York while writing the day right up to turn up, was co-writing with Elizabeth Taylor and cousin Bea Marie Saint, "Raintree County," commanded MGM's biggest budget in history — a whopping \$25,000,000, spent at \$10,000 a day.

The studios today are more on their toes in the story department, too, with more intelligent attempts to knock off public taste. But standard, intelligent reading is on the upswing — after the usual initially阅读者 of Miles Franklin column — and there's a swing back toward the long-neglected psychological thriller.

For instance, Paramount's biography of Henry Fonda, in which Donald O'Connor plays the faltering director companion of clear skies, deals bluntly with Fonda's alcohol problem and his trouble from the top. Hollywood has quit trying to fool the public with sugar-coated biographies, says producer Robert Siodmak.

The *Syzygy* movie of course follows the new "Loyalty" cycle set by the big success of "The City Testament." But utilizing one we heard in Alfred Hitchcock's *Rear Among the Living*, the story of a remorseless politician whose obsession has crept into strong borders.

The production in the last year has had another special effort in making the stars more approachable citizens, and that may or has not been the answer. The Peck's Bad Boy series that made the *Accent Strip* such a success and its resolution are a rarity in this later day.

Changing times nevertheless are reflected in Hollywood too. Among old landmarks to fall in progress, on the surface of the \$100,000 Chamber of Commerce-style or beauty Hollywood Boulevard with such firms as 20th Century Fox, prominent signs engraved with the names of stars, plus many stars like Hepburn and other matrons, is the nostalgic old Hollywood Hotel at Hollywood and Highland. Popular in glories of the Golden Age, she faded old moviequeen beauty has been too close to making way for a Hollywood modern hotel, office and shopping development, to take its place on Hollywood's eroding dollar along with the sponsorless new Capital Records Tower, the only sound office building in the world.

But one door closed, another opens. Prince Virginia Mayo in particular made her debutante the first of her passengers star as Hollywood and Argyle, old-time style, described by the concession of another beloved "concession of olden days, the Chamber of Allids on Las Ramblas originally built by legendaries like McCormick and identified over the years with such golden names as P. G. Wodehouse, Robert Benchley, Pamela Reed and George Lawrence.

The famous Casino has been given a MGM modern facelift by its new owners, American Ventilation Whitney and Dudley Murphy.

—EDWARD SULLIVAN

barbs & balm . . .

ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY DEPT.

DEAR ESCAPADE:

Miss Johnson (both and John, I suppose for Jim) needs a hand in every day round. She is not the only lady who gets her nose and pushed by Dad. I doubt that owing your wonderful magazine brought me the spanking (unless Dad wanted me to run to you for magazines since he's too old to look at them himself — and who could blame him). He admits that there had been other occasions when he had spanked Dad — and taking back to him about your magazine will only make that look like the son's fault, or the paddle that deserved on her back, it would forgive a parent. I am ashamed myself and Mom and Dad didn't mind my reading the magazines, but they do object when I get nose, and the punishment for such an offense is always a good old fashioned leather spanking — the one little sister and brothers as well as for us teenagers. Believe it or not, we all agree that we deserve those harsher measures above the parental love. We are full of life and mischief, and if we weren't, nobody could in a while and probably wouldn't have thought we would regret later. In that you are involved, the procedure is always the same, only the measure varies. Here is mine because I still feel like I mentioned that we know how to deserve a whipping. Then we are measured to the hilt and turned that down over their backs in tight ties, we can keep our pants on (tighten conduct). I assure you, but in most cases our rear ends are not exposed in the instrument of punishment. The last ones get them with a good sized handkerchief, the others with a big paddle, or a leather strap, or a flexible switch. I can assure you that it leaves but minor abrasions, and hitting does become easier a problem.

I am glad to hear that our parents are not the only ones who know how to punish with firmness and would like your magazine to publish an article on the subject. It would make interesting reading and help explain the Miss Johnson's earlier that they are not the only ones who live for fun from over Daddy's love.

SPILL SPURRED

(Please don't publish my name — it would embarrass the family.)

DEAR ESCAPADE:

Your reply to the Johnson girl's letter is considerably confusing.

By her own statement, this young woman has continued to live in her father's house and probably accepts his contributions toward the expenses of her education, although he has no real responsibility for her support.

What grounds have you for believing that she may not control her activities in his house?

The editors of *Escapade* may not know upon whom to bestow but would you make no objection if a girl were, say, in living quarters here for home or as established a boarding school?

Many parents have made the same reaction to what they consider to be poor choices (especially). It makes nothing that *Escapade* does not approve some of the material which, as Helen Johnson

ays, is available to anyone for a similar visit.

I chance to be English here, the wife of a former American soldier. One of my very few complaints toward this country is the manner in which young people are led to feel that any privilege they may attempt to themselves becomes thereby a right. The consequences of this attitude are visible almost daily in the press.

Once in place are my two amateur and popular消遣者, now in their teens, who have more time materials and pleasure than do girls in my whole village would have known in years. Yet, had I ever dreamt of addressing my parents on these girls as in the slightest opposition, I would have been all but executed with corporal punishment. These girls are morally reprehensible; the concept of sheet being whipped is so startling, in this country, as to merit unqualified comment by the editor of a sophisticated magazine.

Hal Johnson's comments on means of curtailment that these magazines were "unpleasant punishment potential" for her, and that she might have done well to leave them at school, are?

I am not so foolish as to believe that a cultured and capable of eliciting the honest and sincere by example can fail to set the incorrigible of their position free. If Johnson goes to work in efforts to rectify her position in his domain, what are his perhaps? There, in my opinion, where are the limits of an American father's authority . . . ?

Should you allow me to leave out with a reply, and I ask that you use only my initial letters . . . ?

R. E. F.
Speaker, Washington

ANSWER: R.E.F.—We're not able enough at any rate, to have derived from this or E.P.'s letter a description of a whipping of the hands of two judges which would have resulted in *Scandalous* having throughout the land for publishing pornography. As far as your question, Mr. E.P. answers, it is very likely that any daughter of an *Scandalous* staffer will attempt to bring herself into the limelight, or as above a *Speaker*. If she should, there are laws on the subjects. We could still answer your question, had we for the sake of a publisher's publicity over the reading habits of a 21-year-old daughter who happens to reside in his particular abode—our staff! if he has any, really—but continuing to digress which is there are ways of maintaining indirectly other than by use of force and mental ion our aged parents prefer those alternative methods. Certainly, a courageous adult is capable of writing *Scandalous* in our present day conditions of the world, and we'd like to hear from Roy Rogers or Mattie's Little Helper that pool that a child who happens to choose upon *Scandalous* would be more likely than recently imagined by some of its contents. (We speak of normal children, of course.)

ART NOTE

DEAR ESCAPADE:

I am a regular reader of ESCAPADE and I particularly enjoy your "Photographer's Private File" feature. "Portrait of Mr. W." (by André de Dienesz of the January issue) struck me as being the most beautiful collection of candid art I have ever seen.

PAUL J. UHLERMAN
Pennsylvania State University
[Continued on next page]



escapade on broadway

At all the plays and musicals mentioned, the early theatrical season was really produced, they'll be playing in every legitimate theater from New York to Los Angeles and all the major cities in between. Those are only some thirty legitimate theaters left on Broadway, one of which is usually given over to the showcasing of an important motion picture such as "Richard III," and some ten in places off Broadway like theaters. Some the headed shows are "announced" between acts and next June, but it is doubtful that there then fifty will actually go into rehearsal, maybe not that many.

When a producer "announces" a new show it usually means that he has acquired an option on a certain property and is thinking about producing it. Sometimes, the announced play is nothing more than a glimmer in the producer's eye and hasn't even been written. However, from the lot of "announcements," we have tried to collate some of the more interesting projects that seem definitely scheduled at least go into rehearsal, and will probably complete their dramatic menu this season and next. Here then month's column for a definition of "theatrical announcement".

In alphabetical order then: George Abbott schedules "Man On a Tiger," adapted from the TV play by Roger Hirson. You might have seen it last winter on your home viewing tube. Charles Adams will produce G. B. Shaw's "The Apple Tree," starring Maurice Evans. "The Good and the Goddess," by Adolph Green, will be produced—but not by Eddie Astor, as announced. This one authorship from Mr. Hendry himself. George Abbott, writer of "Seven Flies Alive" and "H.M.S. Pugilist Rock Atom," makes his debut as a producer with "A Ride to a Small Planet," by Guy Vidal, also from a TV script. Freddie Brisson (Ron Russell's husband) has a musical version of "Anna Christie," with rehearsals scheduled in August or September. One of the most exciting new shows promises to be Jim Davis's production of "The Last Mermaid," this summer's forthcoming novel. Evans and Martin, who gave us "What's Charlie," "Gays and Gals," "Kingsmen" and "The Bookie," announce their the long new musical, one of three entitled. Another concealed need to be announced is "Angel Moon," announced by Fyfe and Gars, producers of "Shangri La." Paul Gregory and Charles Langton have four new productions in

the works, hoping for a repeat success like "China Whispers Great Musical." Henry Hornblow plans to do "Cleopatra" with music by Richard Sturz, and Adele Mara announces a musical version of "Peyo West" (Milt Gray's comedy). Jack Lopata, whose unproduced productions are usually very dependable, has "Portnoy," a sex musical based on the characters of Hirschman and Haze. A musical version of Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer" is scheduled to Martin and Glitter. Ethel Mannheim will be back on Broadway in "Annie Get Your Gun," a musical with book by Howard ("My Fair Lady") Lindsay and Russel ("Annie and Old Dan") Gross. One for the kiddies is a musical version of "Old Mother" (Bill Ross' contribution to this anthology will be represented by "Wanda Peppa," a mysterious story by Paul O'Connor. Eddie Foy, who seems to be moving Broadway his home base, will be back in "Old Fred Special Duty," featuring Sylvia Sidney. And The Theatre Guild, which usually can be depended upon for at least one hit a season, will have "The Act of Flying," starring Judy Holliday.

There are many, many more, most of which probably won't get off the ground, and some not yet scheduled at this writing.

Some other new things for your play-going pleasure are: "My Fair Lady," "The Story of Anne Frank," "Dance Fandango," "Futura Cameo," "Cast On A Star In Love," "The Most Happy Fella" and "Sister! The Wind"; "Tender," "West" and "Come" are touring and will probably play your town if they haven't already. Watch for them. They all have several evenings in the theaters. Also scheduled for Fall and Winter tours are "The Jinx," "The Devil Is," "James" and "The Good Relations," the latter with the incomparable Alice Frost and Lynn Fontanne. It isn't much of a play, but the ladies have a ball.

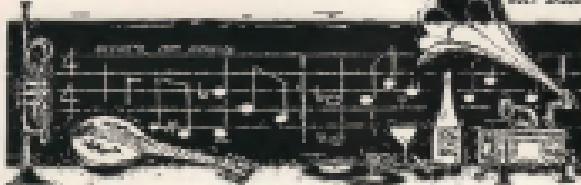
Next month, "Should You Listen to Play?"

Sincerely,

Ralph Rose.

ESCAPADES IN WAX

By
JET SAGE



POPULAR

The Four Freshmen, one of the most popular all-male numerical vocal groups (the Four Lads and the Four Aces), are out on a Capitol release that adds up to one of their classic efforts to date. It's titled "Four Freshmen and Five Troubadors." The set offers the valuable virtues of inspiration, harmonizing, a pleasing locomotive approach, good vocal and guitar instrumentation. The vocals are done in a flat tone by the Freshmen, while Fred Nagel's contribution is in the way of impulsive, witty, far-fetched quips, the rhythm backup, and the troubadours' vocal arrangements add much to the quality of the whole package. Titles like "Somebody Loves Me," "Speak Low," "You Stopped On A Dream," "I Remember You," and "Wistful" are performed within the wide scope modern jazz arrangements can provide. Fans of the horns and jazzy poppers will particularly like this one.

Those who may dispense with jazz numbers and all the associated standard variations should pick up on "The Peaky Blinder Trotter" on the Atlantic label. Here is an exuberantly arranged ensemble piece, trumpet, piano, alto and tenor sax, tuba, guitar, piano bass and drums that leaves no jazz character unmet; that's definitely mass grade. The material, arranged by Clarke, sings with Ed Evans, Jimmy Conlin, and George Russell, is really provocative, but only much exposure can make it significantly "commercial" even in the selected market it is trying to reach. For our money, it's an intriguing, "wistful" set that can be recommended most highly as very solid entertainment.

RARE

Doris — we mean Washington, not Shore — has been used for her body swaying beat and her thoroughly banished way of phrasing. Her new big Army job titled "Doris" while it gives fresh evidence of her unusual tact in the pleasure of singing, also impresses as measure of its pristine simplicity and sophisticated understandings. She handles a dozen songs from "A Cottage For Sale" ("More Than You Know," "Gaudete") to "Willow Weep For Me" ("All My Life") like the old pros she is and projects the impression that this is all new material. The likes every she duende that's been built around these standards by other workers and, work-

ing from the prime cast, spares not all the additional materials. Russell! A masterly therapeutic presentation, Russell Moxey contributes to the tape with distinctive arrangements that give us such titles like "Georgia Acid" and "Hush Colley" — creative effusions. Good was here for both the jazz and rockabilly-jazz parts.

* * *

Here's a bumperfull of swingin' jazz that still a double exposure back in the '30's and '40's with some of the top names of the time. The entry is titled "Swingin' At Whistler's" (Coplady) and features wonderful vocal by such swingified cats as Benny Carter, Miller, Eddie Basha, Guy Lombardo and Shelly Manne. The drive and dynamic bouncin' of this jiving juggernaut is especially pronounced in numbers like "Sweet Georgia Brown," "Slow Low," "Shanghaied At The Savoy," and "Makin' Swing." We would say that all the material is of the highest order and all the sidemen seem to communicate the kids they have been bawling in this groove they have so well. While the more sophisticated jazz medium may view the proceedings as being somewhat amateurish, there are enough jockeyholes around who dig the pre-Melodic swing tradition well enough to drop down some change for it.

* * *

In recent months many listeners have really been holding it up with some of their best barn-and-brook presentations. Billie Holiday has followed suit with a pressing by Duke Ellington called "Trifuriously Speaking" or "The Duke." What they did was to have Ellington recorded a few steps from his musical influences in 1934. While some of the Ellington elements are still in this being commercial recordings (and who says music isn't there's no Duke like the old, roundabout Duke), most purists will like what they hear, especially some of the new Ellington recordings. The new band effects, added to such old operas as "West End Girls," "Tomfoolery" and "Candy Jane Got It" will have you whistling for more. The present Ellington crew — it is the sign of times (that's Sal Leon, a dubious vibraphone but in vogue) — still gives the inspiring impression that something new, something different, something exciting is happening. All in all, there's a following and here for just fans of any persuasion. Eat heartily!

books and books

(Continued from Page 2)

MARROT PLACE

DEAR ESCAPADES:

I am willing to pay \$2 per copy for the one and only man's magazine, Escapade, for the month of October, 1950, and February, 1951. I somehow missed those two issues and I'd want to complete my collection . . .

HARRY A. RINGER
P. O. Box 1611
Perry Square Station
Erie, Pa., Pennsylvania

DEAR ESCAPADES:

I was just thumbing through my issue December when I noticed that some previous issue were numbered in descending order. I have the following copies: November and December, 1950; January, February, March, April and May, 1951. I will sell them to anyone who is willing to pay \$1.00 each for them . . .

JAMES STEINBERG
Box 801
Carnegie College
Northfield, Illinois

LEONARD ROTH: Mr. Ringer, over 20, is looking for February, January, and maybe you could write for \$1.00.

THAT SET

DEAR ESCAPADES:

In regard to the December set in Escapade (#6) you sold on the mail box #22 and all about the rate, but you neglected to say where I could order and I like the rate very much and would like one or more.

E. L. SPRUCE
Minotaur, Oklahoma

DEAR ESCAPADES:

— I would like to know where I can get the set . . .

MURRAY CLARINGTON
Atlanta, Georgia

DEAR ESCAPADES:

Super-excelled . . . What I would like to know is, where may I obtain one? . . .

TERRY FREDERICKS
San Francisco, California

DEAR ESCAPADE:

As a change consideration, I feel that I must compliment your magazine and your "Editor's" editor in particular on the remarkable vision shown in "The Concept in Pictures" . . .

Thanks for an excellent publication, in all respects.

RONALD P. NELL
Hilbert, Illinois

ADDITIONAL NOTE: Escapade is highly gratified by the response elicited by the article, "How Caught in Tradition," in the July issue. We have received scores of letters similar to those presented above, and all have been enthusiastic. Most writers point to those where the rate can be obtained, and many cite the estimated \$2 cost, in answer. The price set was determined by us to cover our specifications, at \$1 and just past being non-profitable, and the \$2 estimated price based on non-profitability costs. Jerry Lewis, nevertheless, uses the set and has three issues by January for \$10 each. An example, out as part of the clothing industry, recently obtained an issue. What will come of it, we don't know as yet;

the sports car creates a number of new problems

FLAT OUT!



humor by JAY MICHAELS

The latest edition of the Vanishing American is the guy who read *The Carburetor Digger* and kept a full tool chest handy so he could work on his ancient Ford. In his place has sprung a hulky, grinning rascal with a built-in gun in his eye. The Carburetor Digger has disappeared in favor of *Scrapyard*. The car may still be a Ford, but the Model T is now a Thunderbird and she tolls chest in the dark and bears no resemblance to the old tool container.

Just as the automobile was being converted into an appliance, the sports car came along to become a potent weapon in the battle of the sexes. With the possible exception of the Indianapolis Prowler, the sports car is the most useful aid yet discovered for the successful flouter.

Because of its vital nature, great care should be taken in the selection of a sports car to fit your personality and pocketbook. Take it from us, the original cost of the car means very little in determining the cost-to-fun ratio.

We believe that two factors should determine the choice of a sports car to be used as a scientific aid to seduction. The first is the comfort and size of the cockpit and the second and, more important, is the type of woman attracted by the car. In order that you may choose wisely we have conducted extensive tests as these sports cars in the medium (\$3000-\$6000) price range, and we're only too happy to pass on the results:

(Continued on Page 47)



In the hallway off the living room of the Tolles' home in Rosedale, the grandfather's clock was chiming.

Six, seven, eight, nine. The antique tones floated in through the smoke of Bob Tolles' cigarette and drifted over Edith's sleeping nerves.

Nine o'clock. As though an anxious watchman cried it out it seemed to be marking an added "half-well."

Both let his newspaper down. Edith, long gone from a napkin, glided back from the edge of a chair.

Habitually, at this hour, at that late time, at that undeniably dismal time between evening and night they were considering their children.

Roberts, Mrs., long since asleep, hugging a one-legged rag doll. Price, nine, in the lower berth of the boy's bunk bed. Adolph, Will — most likely. They hadn't had a sound nap since he packed back from the Johnson hall at four o'clock.

Bob, Jr. Twelve. Not home yet.

"Where did you say he was?" Bob Tolles asked.

"Over at Martin's," Edith said. "I told him to be home by nine."

"Well, it's nice now," her husband remarked, turning back to the sports page.

"Mike?"

"Mama?"

"I did the laundry today."

"Uh-huh."

"Mike?"

"Mama?"

"Linen?"

He looked up. "What?"

"You know how I always turn the pants' pockets out before putting them in the wash?"

"Yes." Mary's an old dollar he'd lost that way.

"Well —" Edith realized a second. "You'd never dream what I found in Bob's drawers this morning."

"Oh!" He set the paper aside and looked at her quizzically.

Edith slowly opened the drawer of the lamp table beside her, reached way inside and then leaned across to her husband.

Garrison regarded what she handed him.

"Darneg," Edith said. "He was neither just two months ago. What in the world is he doing with something like that? Where do you suppose he got it?"

"Jesus me," Bob said. "I'll have to ask him." He got up and went to the hall closet with it. When he came back, he said:

"Mike?"

"Mama?"

"If you send any clothes to the cleaners Garrison don't include my sword jacket or I'll be the talk of the town in twenty-four hours."

"Maybe our growing boy is the talk of the town already."

"Now look," he said, "you may have been born some mischievous but now I check one of his pals passed that item around and it ended up with Bob. Maybe he found it somewhere, saw it was unusual, and stuck it in his pocket. What concerns me right now is, it's quarter past nine and you told him to

(Continued on next page)

ALMOST A MAN

bob, sr., had never felt closer to bob, jr.

fiction by PAUL M. FITZIMMONS



ALMOST A MAN

(Continued from Page 7)

he home at nine. He knew better than that."

Minutes passed. Nine-twenty. Nine-thirty-five.

"Then," said Edith.

"What?"

"How much do you think Robert makes about things like that?"

"I don't know. I never asked him."

"Don't be honest. I said how much do you think?"

"Well, Edith, he probably knows a lot more than we suppose. He's going to get girls but he takes to older boys and they seem to consider him good company. They talk pretty plain and he always was a good listener, so figure it out for yourself."

"Huh!" Edith said in a high-spirited girl. "I feel so happy thinking of him now. Some other couple of years he's somebody else. First a baby. Then a little boy. Then a big boy. What is he now, a teenager?"

"Did my dad was a very young man." Sunshine chimed.

At nine-thirty-one they heard the leather running-jump to the top back-porch steps. The porch door sprang—clattered.

The kitchen door opened. Borders clattered, trays rattled, dishes clattered.

"Crapes," she father said. "He'll wake the whole house." He got up and cracked the kitchen.

Blond hair tilted, shoulder weary, Bob, Jr., was dragging a bundle of garbage off the table as many of his peers gleefully snatched his outlast. He helped the last stop and leaving his eyes on his father, burping by set the boards down and tossed the refrigerator door shut.

"Hi, Pa."

"Hi. What time is it?"

"About quarter past nine."

"Come again."

"Half-past?"

"It's after that. What time did your old tell you to be home?"

The boy became annoyed. "Nine o'clock."

"Did you ever anybody's life on the way home?"

The boy became serious. "No, Pa."

"Did you break a leg?"

"No, Pa." The boy was silent now. "Get up so late on the double and be sure you don't wake your brother."

Bob, Jr., looked at the food, looked at his brother and looked at the stairs. "They?"

In the doorway the boy turned.

"If you don't mind your Ma leaves. I'm going to clean up so hard one of those days you'll think for a week."

The boy went upstairs very softly.

In the living-room Edith waited a full minute before speaking.

"Did you ask him about it?"

"No, I'm too mad at him."

"Are you going out?"

"Yes, I'll take him to West Branch with me tomorrow and see what the story is."

"Good. I know you'll handle it right."

"Do you? Why?"

"Because, chances are, you used to be a boy yourself."

He grinned. "That's right, hon, and you know something else?"

"What?"

"I was so bright my mother called me out."

Upstairs, a half-hour later,

"You are my nightie, hon."

Casually, he moved it from the dresser. Pork silk, it fell upon the night-sharp.

"Sorry," he said.

Edith moved gracefully into the room.

He wasn't sorry at all.

Saturday morning, Bob and Edith had early breakfast together. Bob seemed preoccupied. Edith playfully poked at him.

"Remember me?"

"I'm thinking."

"Only can I watch?"

"Tell?"

"You, handsome, honey, darling."

"You wondering. What can I see daily up in Boddy?"

She was positive a moment.

"Well, hon, I'd just make sure he's not getting involved in anything that's over his head."

"Say, that's just about it, Edith. You hon is right on the nose. Likes Edith. Do you know exactly what you found in his pocket?"

"Well, I don't know the name of it but I can pretty well see what it is . . ."

"Want me to tell you exactly what it is?"

"Yes, Bob, I do."

"Aha. I'll tell you. It's curiosity. That's what we found in Bob's pants. We found curiosity."

Upstairs on schedule, the eight o'clock earthquake went out its primary tremors. First, knocking, then thudding, sharp shrieks and wailings. Two minutes of bed-jouncing ended abruptly with the final thud of head against bedpost. Where head? Where bed? No matter, the pillow fight was on. Whoa! Whoa! Whoop, whoop! This angrily. The death of a rag doll. Roberts assumed bloody murder. Edith hurried upstairs. Murder it was. The two

were in the corner, the head in the hallway.

"Never break my daddy."

"I did not Ma, I just enough to try the leg and it fell to pieces."

"Yeah, against my head," said Bob, Jr.

"To breakfast, you brats."

As quickly as also, Bob Talbot came in from the garage and spoke to Bob, Jr.

"Back the jeep over long the driveway and no farther." He bashed the boy the hand.

"Okay, Pa. Where we going?"

"West Branch. Plenty of work to do."

Peter and Roberts were still spooling around. Racing now, spooling now, but mostly spinning. Food is food, but fun is fun.

Peter stopped.

"What?"

"Can I come?"

"Me too, daddy," Roberts drilled.

"Tell you what, you let Edith and I go alone now and I'll take you with us to the town carnival tonight. Is it a deal?"

"Merry go-rounds?"

"Yup."

"Popcorn?"

"Yup."

"A new dolly?"

"Yup." It was a deal. What misery kids be had.

"What time will you be back?" Edith wanted to know.

"Around noon," he told her. She handed him a long list.

" Around midnight," he amended.

"I'll give you till three," she said.

He went to the hall closet and delivered in the stored jacket. Gunned he bowed Bob, Jr., gunning the jeep engine.

An half-gone mile on the bridge into West Branch, Bob Talbot stopped the jeep. Bob, Jr., looked at him.

"What are you stopping for Pa?"

"Be me a favor?"

"Sure, Pa."

"Now, throw this foolish thing in the river."

The boy looked at it, looked at his father.

"Cee, I thought I lost it, Pa."

"Throw it in the river."

"Pa."

"What?"

"It ain't mine, it's Mary's."

"Throw it in the river."

"I can't Pa. I promised him I'd give it back."

"Throw it in the river."

The boy was anguished. "Pa," he pleaded, "I promised."

"Lines Bob," his father said. "Do you know what that is?"

"No, Pa," the boy answered. "Many old the killers all told him different.

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"Come now, Mr. Belmont—surely you have a handkerchief of your own?"



ON CAMPUS

1956

H. R. HEDGES reports on fall fashion



Frank Sennett's Moulin Rouge, and Earl Carroll's of Hollywood, has a glittering electric sign which reads: "Through these portals pass the most beautiful girls in the world." In the daytime, however, the most beautiful girls in the world are the ones who display their "rounded education" in university campuses throughout the country.

What better reason for the male student to "show right for the right occasion"? And, as a matter of nationwide fact, this is the case from Dartmouth to Duke, from Syracuse to Stanford. A survey of fall campus sportswear and outerwear reveals

that men's clothing is more "conservative" this year. It is a typically American Look, except for one possible grouping—the exciting new continental set, which every Ecopack sportsman has on hand for those weekends at Squaw or Sun Valley. The color picture often dark or earth tones, browns and greens in particular.

This American Look, the collegiate crew embraces in the Ivy League Look. It includes the traditional Ivy, the modified Ivy and the California Ivy, which is a bit more casual. It is not to say that the white-backed Harvard men from William

(Continued on next page)

ON CAMPUS (continued from previous page)

James Hall have prevailed their will upon the rest of the nation's male university population. It is rather a reversion of Brooks Brothers' mode theories in an age of widely guided curriculum. Most popular for men are the tight-fitting tapered, plain-front and buckskin denim jeans—either for class, lawn and beer sessions. When impressing the girls at Delta Delta Delta, the choice is the same used in older Cambridge or Oxford gray flannel. The latter ranges in price anywhere from \$30 (Blundell & Daughtry) to \$14.55 (Chapel).

Military colors, excluding the ROTC, prevail everywhere. Olive and khaki tones are exceedingly popular for gabardine suits, corduroy coats, crew-neck sweaters, sport shirts—even socks and ties. One might say, the style is an offshoot of Flirtation Walk.

The pattern for sport shirts continues on in stripes, wavers, regiments, ripples and tartan variations, and stripes that form plaid. The most popular collar frequently observed was the button-down, but shorter spread versions also were noted. News in sport shirts was the popularity of solid crew-necks,

open front blouson, and bulky knit and tweed constructions. Cotton or silk and cotton blends were other unusual campus selections. Again, for sorority girls, the gables impress in white Chiffon cloth button-downs. Tie, naturally, reflect rep or houndstooth patterns.

Topping off the picture, the men at El have provided the 1956 college crew with the Yale cap. It is in corduroy, woven flannel or striped cotton, and displays the ubiquitous buckstitch. Fine for sports coat, too!

This is the look that is seen on the quad. It's a powerful, virile look, and usually is found on the companion of a tight-waisted cord, who definitely isn't the clinging vine type (which should do just fine in the company of that "Voy" man).

Opposite '56 for the college man can be translated into two words: regulation suit. This is a mid-thigh model, somewhere between a waist and a full length coat. Some call it the "Tango-top," while others designate striped styles as "blazers". Leather, washable crepes, poplin and corduroys seem to be the overwhelming choices. Whirling after a number of outstanding high schools

and at moderate cost (\$22.95), fashion concoctors wear this model in silk, wool, wool-glove-tanned cupinels, which, often as not, sports a jamboree-style draped collar. Sometimes, companion coats are worn by a cool friend who is doing her leather best to make that casual dress concession. Here, it is called "the overheart set." But, solo urban ones feature fashion inside as well as out. Plain and striped nylon flares and regimental striped chenille-spun lining spark color on an otherwise monochromatic wardrobe.

Up at Boulder, University of Colorado men find corduroy suits (\$32) an attractive addition to their dress. Perfect for crisp, clear weather, these suits are accented with leather belts on pockets and trouser buckstraps. Trousers again are tapered and come in plain fronts. The newer wide-wale corduroys overshadowed the pin-striped versions.

Fall creates areas usually so big for men, the fabric, the cuts, the fitting. As cord, bulky or slacker kats are the overwhelming choice. This is true from the eastern seaboard to California's gold coast colleges. Color focuses on dark browns, neutral and charcoal grays, with red reserved for all occasions. The college men with everything, including the neckbeads of Sigma Chi, were alpha castigans. Cadence is not. This year the university dormitory has a taste for a more rugged look, with crew-necks holding the spotlight.

Finally, there is a fresh concept in styling for the college man. Attention is placed on heretofore neglected accessories, for instance, have received toggle treatment, which adds a sporty note, and is quite effective on poplin, ladies' chintz or leather suburban coats. Collars and waistbands of jackets and shirts are of contrast fabrics or of contrasting, and almost any item of apparel displays the backstab.

Put it all together and you have Jacqueline's version of the 1956 college wardrobe. It's not a new look. When dad was on the playing fields of Princeton and F. Scott was chasing Zelda Fitzgerald, circa 1920, those styles were in vogue. The present tall translations offer a newer variation on the Jazz-Age theme.

In any event, the group of elegant college bicyclists have made their territorial point—whether it is to impress or cause—in or out of the Halls of Ivy.



"Paternity and Maternalism"





"It's only father, Elrod!"



by Leonard

by LEONARD PRUYN

THE THIRSTY MAN



His craving led to the ultimate horror

Richard Hause placed the empty coke bottle in a wise man's container and walked around to the rear of his '48 sedan. First glancing toward the front of his car, he opened the trunk, briefly surveyed its contents, then did likewise again. Then to the right-hand door, he put the gas station attendant and told his wife never ever.

"You done," he said, when the attendant had walked away. "I'm outta here."

The small pink-blushed woman moaned weakly, unkempt hair spread haphazard across the seat. "Oh, for God's sake!" she said, then she sighed and covered her eyes. "Well, at least in the mountains there'll be no one to see you." The jays whistled and hooted a

low song of protest as Mrs. Hause ground the car into motion and onto the wide, curving highway. She looked at her husband with dagger. "You don't love bottles more, you know?"

"Just be quiet and drive," he said. "We'll have to stop at Givens, anyway." He moved the heavy gray cloth curtain between his sheets. "Tom — thirty again."

He leaned back against the curtains, his hand touching on his forehead, watching the sugar-cane of dark Ridge Run mountians. He used to recall the first day the road had hit him. He looked at Givens. The exposure was cold and dreary, but open flood right on the long curve of highway.

continued next page

Richard Harley tried to analyze his thirst—to find the reason for it. First there had been the automobile accident two months before, in the company car to Long Beach. A nasty smashup, but he really had not been hurt seriously. The sharp thump on his head, a six-inch cut on his left leg, a pint of plasma. Some courageous citizen had hurried to the road radio appeals and volunteered to his local blood bank. Why could not this same citizen tell Richard Harley how a knock on the skull can send a man on a marathon between a glass of water and the bathroom?

Like all big things, he remembered, his illness had actually begun with small and insignificant details.

It had begun with a glass of water.

Like the periphery on a ray submarine, the mind of Richard Harley had ended gently in the currents of the sea.

The blurred lens tried to focus; but like all rays, the glass broke and he was pulled to the bright and garish surface of his dreams. He awoke with the quick, spasmodic motion of his body. First he looked at the clock and thought of work. Then he thought of Harriet. Finally, he looked for his glass of water.

Sitting up, he felt the anger and frustration catching dryly in his throat. Harriet had gone to Margaret's again, to play gin rummy till the night. At least she could have remained home to leave him a glass of water on the bedside. She laughed at this — his childhood habit. That's all she did these days, just laugh at him and cry.

He sat at the kitchen table, in his pajamas, pushing bolts in a quart tin of grapefruit juice. He poured a glass and quaffed it off. It was uneventful; it cleared his head. Another glass. He finished the tin.

At breakfast that morning, Richard Harley drank about half a quart of milk, three cups of coffee and two full glasses of water from the coffee. He made four journeys to the bathroom. He pondered that he had not satisfied his thirst.

And he earned the day he married Harriet. The woman had no soul. The kind of a slave who would drag a child his telephone. Harriet Harley's vision extended perhaps to the morn-

ing sunburst of her TV set—but no further. Harley chirkled at his sudden queer desire for liquids. Like the fears of little boys in dark rooms who turn on all the lights, he thought, this silly need was infantile and commonplace. The confident knowledge of a glass of water near the bedhead; a sacred prerogative denied by a felonious wife. He laughed—a parched laugh—and gathered papers in his briefcase. Richard Harley took another glass of water. He went to the bathroom. Then he left for work.

They were at the summit of Cajon Pass now, and the bright lead reflexes had given their usual warning of slow trucks ahead. Harley was a good driver; he handled the car with the nervous and self-confident gait of a twenty-year transcontinental freight carrier. She had the same mentality. Like a pool player, she followed the low white concrete pavers with skill, never rating the fraction of an inch. Huge truck-and-trailers were passed in the darkness like meager Christmas trees on wheels. The deep criminal canyon at their side lay buried under great fields of night.

Richard Harley turned to the rattle from the truck. He worried. He determined to get some paper or cotton wadding at Bakersfield. He wanted to plug it into.

He tried to divert his thoughts from the contents of his truck. But all he could think of was the horse at the office ...

The patched-up paper quilt we dreamt (Harriet's) *about that had all the under of a machine's power of subtlety.*

First, there were the Order Sheets, listed numerically by load; then the Settlement Sheets, arranged by truck and route; finally, the mass of the Unit Report, with its escape, breakdowns and analyses. Richard Harley's fingers twirled idly with the keys on his adding machine. Clay would be "planning" for the Weekly Analysis.

He listened to the clunk-clunk-clunk of the rising machine, through the office door, in the plant beyond; he glanced up at the thick glass observation window of the baking room; he saw the tall silver stacks of the ovens; he caught the crisp honey-sweet smell of baking bread wafting through the door.

It made him thirsty.

Circumpectly, Harley turned his head to Gring, sitting at the opposite desk. Gring's face was buried in the labyrinth of a Rya Report, the pencil at his fingers moving rapidly with the sharp scratching sounds of computer loyalty. Harley looked the other way. Across the room, Bill hidden by square green files, the ugly-faced Katie sat, reading her week's movie magazine. She had all the exaggerated caution of a retired violinist. She knew somehow that Harley would need a drink of water. She knew he's going to the cooler again ...

Another trip to the watercooler! Harley winced at the thought.

He could never last the three hours now until quitting time. He'd conceived a dozen excuses today: taking the Inspection Sheets to Fredericks; counting the Returns in the upstairs' Log Books; checking with Bill to see if Medusa's truck had arrived in the warehouse yet.

It was the everlasting scheming of the thing that bothered him. His almost a coward; trying to keep his secret to himself.

How many trips to the watercooler now? A thousand? Two thousand shameful excusings for a drink of water? It was no longer necessary—especially running on the men's route on the quarter hour. At first he had complained of the weather it was hot in the Valley. People lost salt when they perspired and needed water to replenish the dehydration of their bodies. But now it was damp and soggy, and no others shared his thirst. A week later, Richard Harley had voiced his grievance of a "dry throat from too much smoking." Bill'd said it loudly. "Quit cigarettes!" they'd said, and gave him strange looks when he crumpled his paper cups, his tongue still seeking the water on his lips, thirsty and unquenched. Oh, when Bill'd asked to move his desk to Tinker's office because it was quiet there, because he had wanted to be near the cooler. But then they had moved the watercooler to the hall again. Harley had returned to his old office.

The few weeks had been the hardest. Charlie and the Transmiller boys had jibed at his terrible, repeated trips to the cooler; his wet nervous hands holding close to the slick moist sides of the glass; the thin-white faces of the bakery staring at him with the black eyes of curiosity and suspicion; the cleric-like

cause for complaint

The desk clerk at the Kress hotel was understandably shocked when the bartender, under cover, crept up to the desk, snatched his hat from head to the counter and roared, "You got a complaint to register with the manager?"

Summoned by the surprised desk clerk, the manager appeared and asked, "What is wrong, sir?"

"What is wrong?" echoed the man. "Last night as I was walking in my room on the third floor, who do you think came clomping along the corridor and tapped me on my desk?"

"I have no idea who would do such a thing," replied the manager. "What is who was it?"

"Nobody did," snarled the man. "That's why I'm complaining!"



A N E C D O T E S F O R A D U L T S



pertinent question

The class of women at an exclusive girls' college was lecturing her students on sexual morality.

"In moments of temptation," said the speaker of the class, "ask yourself just one question: Is an hour of pleasure worth a lifetime of disease?"

A very young girl in the back of the room rose to ask a question of her own: "How do you make it last so long?"

from the escapade collection

big broadcast

Husband, scolding his driver over "I come home and there was my wife in another man's arms."

His attorney: "What did she say?"

"Well, what she said," the husband explained, "is the reason I went to divorce her. Look what her old Blackbeard is — now everybody will know!"





RAVISHING REDHEAD

*born to the purple,
tina louise lives in
a technicolor world*

personality by JOHN MAGEE

In delightful and refreshing coincidence, one of the world's most famous redheads just happens to be one of the most beautiful in the world.

She is Tina Louise. If the name doesn't immediately ring a bell, the pictures at left which adorn these pages will.

This singer (mostly in plush theaters) and actress (mostly on television), like most important work in life has been the lead in *Anita Loos' "Happy Birthday"* on NBC-TV's *Producer's Showcase* last June, and an earlier (unbooked) stage engagement with dancer Ray Bolger at the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas.

Tina is young (32 last February's tall (she stands eighty) voluptuous (37-24-37), and talented (See Mortimer's

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The New York *Daily Mirror* calls her "one of the hottest girl models attractions currently on the Broadway scene". She is vivacious, vivacious, single and unattached. She she is unaffected, commanding, attractive, determined, hard-working and dedicated. What she is not is boorish, boring, brainy or brash.

In short, Tina is the most exciting date-crossed dame to wear a pretty head or shake a wicked tone in the show world or any other world in many a long year. She is, as Shelley said, "a lovely lady, garnished in light from her own beauty."



If being born of Social Register parents is an advantage in life, it is an advantage which Tina has enjoyed. While Fifth Avenue luxury living may have distanced her from some of the harder and less appealing aspects of life (she says, "I'm no realist"), it has at the same time schooled her in poise, grace, good taste and the social niceties, all important and rare commodities in her business.

Tina was graduated from a properly elite school, Scarborough, made her debut in proper New York society in 1952, and took a proper summer tour of Europe. ("I fell in love with Rome, but I'm sorry now I missed Spain.") She could have continued to live a proper life as a millionaire's daughter, perhaps eventually have married a proper husband and raised a proper family.

She had other plans. She decided what she wanted couldn't be bought with money. It would have to be worked for. That's what she's doing now.

Tina is interested in Hollywood, for the obvious reasons, and in Broadway, for the equally obvious reasons, but she likes to sing and she likes, most of all, acting on television.

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maiden's choice

Everyone in Perugia knew what dear friends, what congenital competitors, were Antonio Bernacci and Leone Marzola. These two men had grown together from childhood, exploring the steep, twisted streets of their mountain town, hunting and herding in the valley below, and pursuing the ladies of the town, brawny and otherwise. So inseparable were they that the people of Perugia came to use their names spontaneously with chagrin. "Competition?" they would say. "Why, like Antonio and Leone!" You know childhood in the peak of young manhood these two kept each other's company and shared each other's dreams.

As I mentioned before, these boorish competitors were wont on holiday to make an amateur excursion. Indeed their comings and goings from the fortresses of Perugia were, as it spent, the talk of the town. The two of them were pleasant to look at and good-natured to a fault, so it was no wonder that as they gained experience in the making of love, their method of attack, as one might call it, became increasingly irresistible. But even in matters of love, the two men thought only of each other. If Antonio should discover a likely lass, he would inquire if she had a share. If Leone had two mighty appointments to keep, he would send his friend to the alternative rendezvous. Share and share alike was invariably their motto.

Therefore, although some said it was inevitable, none of Perugia was amazed to learn that it was a woman that finally came between them.

The lady in question was Signorina Alicia Benozzi, the only daughter of the town's most prominent business magnate. Signor Benozzi had come to Perugia years before, from the north of Italy, and his Tuscany manners showed in his daughter's fair figure, light complexion and soft, blond hair. No one doubted that she was the most beautiful beauty in Perugia, and some went so far as to say that she had no equal in all of Italy.

How these two young blades how saw her in all of this importance, suffice it to say that both of them were literally, permanently, hopelessly in love with her. Moreover, she gave evidence that she thought them no mean catch. The little notes by which she came to reply to their long, involved proclamations of their unyielding devotion to her showed, though they were positively earnest and true purpose, that she could possibly give her heart to one of them.

Gradually, their courting, which had become an intense contest, progressed from the letter stage on in which gifts were exchanged and short meetings arranged. One day, Leone would consent to see her outside the town in the forest, below. He would "blame upon" her as the rock had held more along some secluded woodland path. The next day, Antonio might "happen" to speak to her as she came out of church. These meetings were always short, and the two suitor who managed to stay more than a few weeks, let alone over anything like a weekend or an administration of affection from the fair lady,

Nevertheless, as the competition progressed, the two became less short with each other, their ride, and, at length, insulting. Finally, by an agreement, mutual though unguar-



in which a lover outwits himself



her, they resolved never to speak to, or even see each other again.

Time went on as the two visitors passed different paths to the same goal. Each giving up his drinking and carousing, each settled down to drive his rival and win his lady's love. After some time, however it became apparent that neither was gaining in the battle. The lady seemed unable to choose which of her two suitors to accept.

One day, weary of this situation, Looson decided to end the master race and for all. He resolved to seek out Antonio, with him some way out of the impasse. "Surely," thought he, "two rational beings such as we can work out way out of this embarrassing dilemma." So saying, he set out for the same shop, in front of which the two men had been accustomed to meet in early and happier days.

When he reached the shop, he found Antonio waiting there, almost as if he had had the same idea.

"Antonio," said Looson, "this must stop. There is no need whatever for this indecision that is now worrying both of us. Let us not permit a woman to stand in the way of a friendship that is old and so important."

"You are right, friend Looson," his old companion replied, "but how can we end our misery? Both of us have lost."

"Fondly!" sighed Looson.

"But she can marry only one of us. Therefore, a choice must be made."

"Exactly," agreed his friend. "Let us approach her together and ask her to choose between us." Thus, they accordingly did.

Nice, the fair Alicia possessed above her shoulders a head that was as clever as her body was beautiful. The two men who literally presented themselves before her that very same day were equally handsome and equally personable. She would need this clever head to make a fair choice between them.

"Perhaps," she thought to herself, "one of them is superior to the other in some way I have not as yet discovered. For example, many a man, although a tiger in the field, is a kitten in the kitchen." Accordingly, she determined to find out for herself which of her two suitors has the most passionate, that is to say, which of them possessed the more ardor in the atoms of love.

"Clever Sirs," she began, "just as a wife is easier to be had than than someone to mend his clothes and manage his house, so is a man easier to his wife than a provider of food and shelter. All women demand, and can receive only from their spouses that certain slightly ridiculous without which matrimony would be little more than a hollow mockery. This being true, it would follow that I have a right to know which of you is the stronger, and more important, which of you is more enduring in his mighty duties. Therefore, in all other respects you are equally pleasing to me, I shall give you both a chance to prove how skilled you are in the art of seduction, and then make my choice accordingly."

And so, the gentle Alicia arranged for each of her suitors

(Continued on next page)

MAIDEN'S CHOICE (Continued from Page 10)

to spend one night with her to prove his amorous capacities. On those two consecutive nights during which Major Bascom would be away from the men trying diamonds, and altered the line of them to Astoria, Lewis would have to wait until the following evening.

Knowing from old Antonio's presence in bed with a fair maid, he decided that a marriage would be necessary if he were to win Alida's hand. Therefore, after much intense thought on the matter, he gathered together certain men of his acquaintance and confided to them his plan for marrying Alinda. A fine color arose to cover any misgivings these gentlemen might have had, and so, the night after Alida's return with Antonio, Leonce and his friends repaired to the Borsalino house.

Outside, under the window of the room adjoining his lady's boudoir, he reviewed his plans and gave them final instructions. Then he looked at the time and was admitted to the Service.

When he entered her boudoir, Louis found Alice waiting for him in her negligee. Her delicate old soul was so lucidly filled out and yet so immeasurably proportioned. The two of them, after a cordial greeting, undressed and got immediately into bed. Soon, Louis discovered in his leisure amazement, that he had lost none of the tenderness that had won him so much local fame.

Sometime later he awoke and whispered to Alice: "My love this evening, in my repose at the prospect of this night, and in my great impatience for your summons, I consumed a great deal of wine. It is necessary, therefore, that I arise and relieve myself." So saying, he got up, and, loosing a modest man, retired to the next room. Once there, he opened the window and remained in the group of men waiting in the shadowed bower. One of them climbed a vine outside the house and unisted the window. Quickly stripping off his clothes, he retired to the bed-chamber. Without a word, this second man climbed his bed and kissed Alice on her wing, slender neck. Immediately, she roused and took him into her arms.

Presently, having done her what service he could, the man whispered that he "again must get up." Reluctantly she released him, and he returned to Lewis in the next room. He then doffed his clothes, announced the way he had come, and sent another of the men remaining below to take his place. This man too, entered the

had-chance to perform Lazar's duty for him. In similar fashion, all the other older men took their turns.

Finally, when all had gone, Louise closed her windows and retreated to bed. As he lay under the covers, Alvin placed his hands on his chest begging, "No, no more, my Love. You have given (me) more than competent." Joyful that his rare bed worked again profitably, his initial lover dropped off into peaceful sleep.

The following morning, the two friends set to go to Alicia and receive her decision. They agreed that whatever the result of their rival morning, their friendship, over seven or three or even seven years, would not be affected.

Finally, they signed before their
lips.

"Terrible sin," she again began, "making a choice between you has been exceedingly difficult. However, it is well that we preferred that little one. Although unimportant to try the issue, it nevertheless displayed a distinct similarity between you." She then turned to Asterius.

"Dear Antonio, your capacity for mighty sport has proved too inferior to that of Lanza. Therefore, for my last hand, I must choose you."

"What?" responded Luois, who had been sure of victory, "why hasn't my lady you just told that I was the more proficient at the time of us? Why, then did you choose?" Alton glanced him with a sneer.

"Good Romeo, you are, in truth, too much for me. If your purpose should continue to be as it was before right, the Lord Himself knows what would happen to me. Antonio is a man, and a strong one; but you Romeo, are the very god of love. For your satisfaction, you need a goddess. I am only a mortal woman." And, so saying, the lovely Julia moved in the aisle of *Liaisons*.

MANAGING PREDICTION

Scanned from Page ED

She started out in summer stock at 17, won leading parts in quick succession in three Broadway plays, "Trot's Company", "Fifth Season" and "Dinner"; she picked up an

agement at Le Caprice, an intimate West Side room, there signed for six weeks as Gerv's right club in Hollywood. She got a show on the Jackie Gleason Show, and appeared three times on Steve Allen's "Tonight", twice in New York and once in Hollywood last summer. Jim Murray liked her to sing and do comedy skits on the *Midnight Special* show, which probably had the most flexible format in TV history. The length of the shows ranged from three minutes to half an hour, depending on length of the following number which preceded it. This used to occur for early broadcasts.

Then last January, things began to cycle for her. She landed her first dramatic role as a gangster's moll in *Annie Get Your Gun*. The New York Times simply observed that she commanded more attention than any of the other performers, even when she was "waving napkins."

On the basis of this success, Tina signed a show in the new "Joy and Miller" television series which finally appeared on the tube last July. Then she was snatched up for a "TV" role on "Adventure High Adventure."

By this time, the name Tex Lester was beginning to have a familiar ring to television viewers and neighbors. Le Capitaine brought her back for another engagement and represented "record-breaking business" during her entire stay. Ray Bolger, who happened to be in New York at the time, caught her act at Le Capitaine and immediately snatched her up for his Las Vegas show. The Ciro's people saw her again and made her promise to come back for a return engagement at their Sunsets Boulevard establishment. When the Sultans show ended, Tex got a frantic call from New York to forget about her planned Broadway engagement to fly back immediately and

ACM SIGART on Page 10

www.brown-county.org

FOUR PAYING OPPORTUNITIES

The following were present at
a recent conference on the future
of world politics in L.A.



"That was the damndest experience I ever had!"



THIS SMART LITTLE



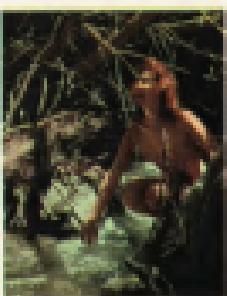


GIRL PLAYS IT THE COOLEST!

PHOTOGRAPHER'S PRIVATE FILE

moral: people who find the fountain of youth don't need it!

It is a working commentary on the advance of the human species that most of us, despite air-conditioning and lightweight clothing, are still committed to suffer through the warm months of summer. We simply haven't discerned what other species have always known. Nature has provided simple relief from the heat. The charming subject of this month's Photojournalist's Private File is a smart little girl who refuses to let her inhibitions interfere with her comfort, and Escapade takes pleasure in presenting her approach to the problem in a shrewdly casual and highly pleasant way. Playing the Aspidia Jungle and finding reasonable solace in the cool depths of a piney wood, our delectable little darling has the good fortune to stumble upon a clear and glistening pool, the veritable Fountain of Youth. Since not all the ingredients required for a summer idyll, and one smart little girl, along what comes naturally, makes the most of them, as this pictorial record happily reveals.



A famous author once wrote a novel called "Tender Is the Night," but the day, particularly a summer day in a shaded glen, can be tender, too. It's all in the mood. Our lovely model is certainly the tender type, and the setting in which she finds herself here is tender, as well. All we need is a soft, seductive glow like a Bohemian-type arrangement of "Tenderly."



"No, I won't go to your apartment... How far is it?"



by joe kneller



NEW



ESCAPADE GOES TO A PROGRESSIVE JAZZ RECORDING SESSION

Only on rare occasions is an authentically new and exciting musical sound captured through the electronic marvels of modern hi-fi tape and wax recording. Such occasions are rare because they demand an exciting blend of sensitive creative talent, a competent team of sound and recording engineers, and the financial wherewithal to bring them together and to provide that expensive equipment required. This results, as in the case of the current RCA-Victor album, "Cole Porter and His," offering progressive arrangements of six Cole Porter standards and six originals by pianist-leader Eddie Caso, sometimes justify the time, effort, effort and money involved in such undertakings.

Four of the selections, Porter's "Love for Sale" and "What Is This Thing Called Love?", and two of the Caso originals, "Memory" and "Ajae Anderson" ("Something Fancy" is English) were recorded at the studios of Radio Recorders on Hollywood's Santa Monica Boulevard the evening of May 22, a Tuesday. Tuesday is the traditional musicians' night off on the West Coast. The session begins at eight o'clock and continues until after eleven.

Although, represented by his writer and Erwin Lang, sound photographers, had arranged to be on hand, "I think it might be interesting," Eddie Caso said. "We're doing something off the beaten track. We've pretty decided about it." It takes a good deal in the line of music to get Caso excited. A native of Los Angeles, he studied music from the time he was first able to climb up on a piano bench. Although he is still young (just over thirty), he already has an extensive career behind him. He has arranged for most of the better studios and progressive orchestras. He has recorded with big bands, among them Les Brown's. He

(Continued on page 8)

SOUND



Commercial recording is no new experience for pianist Eddie Caso, who, as a pianist and arranger, has cut quite a few discs. But these pictures record his first experience of recording with his own group, for the new RCA-Victor album, "Cole Porter and His," which features six arrangements of Cole Porter standards and six

originals by Caso, and a band with an authentic and exciting new sound. Caso's arrangements were difficult to "cut," even for the top musicians in the group. In the series of pictures above, Caso is shown leading his men through their complexities. Behind him, vibraphonist Larry Butler comes in snarly on cue.



These pictures reveal something of the strain under which recording musicians work. As drummer Bill Richmond (bottom left) watches Caso for cues which must be executed precisely in just piano! Jack Costanzo holds a sharp beat on the big bongos. During a brief break, vibraphonist Larry Butler and bassman Tony Fayen

relax over a cup of coffee. Recording engineer Jack Marshall (second from right) splits his hi-fi tapes, while studio engineer Val Valentini (standing, left) RCA-Victor's artist and repertoire man Shorty Rogers (seated) and Escapade's Joe Kessler (right) listen carefully to the highly amplified sound.





UPSTAGE CENTER



SEE NEXT PAGE



THERE'S

NO

BUSINESS

LIKE

SHOW

BUSINESS



SEE NEXT PAGE

We have those wonderful
amateur groups to train . . .



... and we have the old
professionals to train up

There's no business like show business.
There's no people like show people, either.
But all the world's a stage, and all of us
are players.

So what we're really saying is that there's
no people like us.

And Dennis, Escapade's "curious" author,
has caught some of us behind the footlights.
It's true, in these analytical sketches of situa-
tions in which anyone, including members
of Action Equity, can become involved. Even
if he's careful. Or even if he tries.

Escapade is naturally caution. So, we re-
quest: "Any resemblance between persons on
these pages and persons in real life is in-
tentional."

At least, we think that's what Dennis
intended.

The prima donna ...

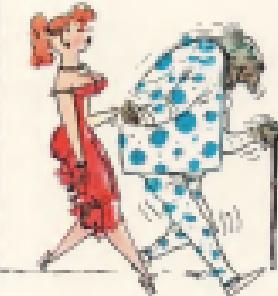


... and the seasoned trouper



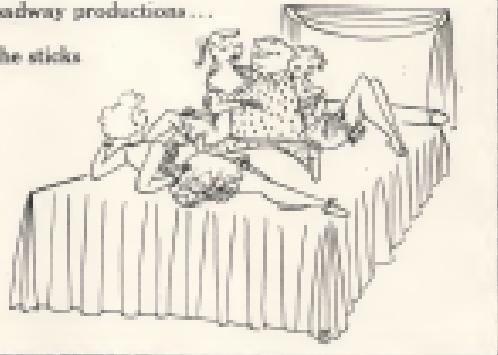
The show stopper

And comedy...tragedy...



We have the big Broadway productions...

...and we have the little theaters in the sticks.



...other times we have to
beat it out of town when
it lays an egg

THE END

The Script! Sometimes we stick to the script....

...sometimes we ad lib....



...but we always have lit a good performance



your

"If it would please the court, your Honor, I would be
only too happy to have this child released in my custody."



ANNUAL
WHITE SALE

FLAT OUT (Continued from Page 7)

AUSTIN-HEALY The first thing we noticed was the tight squeeze in entering the Healy. This makes helping a young lady into the car, which has always been something of a strenuous ordeal, more fun than you could ever imagine. Upon entering the rather cramped interior, we immediately noticed the gear shift, which looks like a chisel or a dagger separating the occupants. This is an evil shared by all sports cars and is justified to a degree by the proximity of the shift lever to your companion's knee. With a little practice you should be able to overrule this lever consistently.

There is plenty of leg room for the steering wheel, the dashboard and other dash gear shift will painlessly permit all extraordinary activity. The front seat, two air curtains, blanket and portable bar quite nicely, with room left over for two overnight cases.

To find what type of trouble is incurred by the Healy, one need of experts spent several days rolling past crowded bus stops. The results were truly gratifying for the spectators with limited funds. The virgin union was extremely low, in fact the goldfinger passage. The average Austin-Healy girl might be described as beauty, fall of the three V's and appreciation of the simple things in life.

Men were attracted by the promise of excitement conveyed by the robust lines of the Healy and thought it was "one of those sharp little English cars." The majority like us men and wanted to appreciate important sex-and-social advances at some of the area's more pretentious banquets. Our opinion of the Austin-Healy couldn't be higher.

POUND THUNDERBIRD The Thunderbird is easier to get into than the Austin-Healy and, consequently, takes a lot of the kick out of being a gladhand. However, the economy factor more than compensates for this. The power train slide way back and the adjustable steering wheel pushes forward as far as the dash will allow. Knockout! Watch out for the ever-present gear shift lever. A friend of ours was making pleasantly obscene advances in a park-lark Thunderbird when his girl accidentally grabbed the shift lever. After some rapid calculations, she gauged, opened the door and set out for home on a dead run.

Road tests in the T-bird were eye-opening. Although in the same price bracket as the Austin-Healy, the Thunderbird brought in an entirely different cash. The T-bird girl wants to be herself, go, but is slightly held down by Mother's earnings. The foreign sports-car is just a way for her darling. She doesn't want to stay too far from conformity and the Thunderbird, being a 100 percent American machine, represents the proper mixture of the pure and the naughty. We suggest she still follows Mommy approach with slightly exaggerated statistics, implying that all virgins are beauties of the world order.

If you go for the all-American slight and enjoy your fun man when it follows a tough sales talk, the Thunderbird is considerably especially for you. On the other hand, if you have a perceived attractive confidence and are bolstered by virgin pride, look elsewhere.

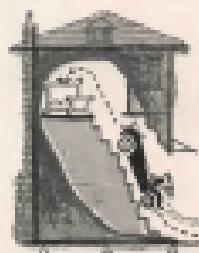
PONTIAC Here is the prince of the medium-price field. This car has everything. The sheer leathered luxury of the interior alone will put your victim in an agreeable stupor. The cockpit is so full of instruments and levers that you can't get away in three feet of your companion. Nevertheless, its impersonation breaks down all resistance.

An interesting extra is the separate emergency gas tank that can be turned on or off by a closure switch. This offers the pleasant prospect of being able to suddenly run out of gas and not be forced to walk, later, to the nearest farm house.

You're going to need an abundance of ready cash if you want to get the most out of your Jag. The rolling costs parted practically nothing. Parallel, we surveyed a number of young ladies. Asked their reason for driving from pickup to Jaguar, they unanimously agreed that the Jaguar was a little out of their class. Armed with this information, we immediately moved our operations to the most esoteric country club, where business picked up considerably.

The Jaguar Jagged has a bad case of hyper-sophistication (the word is used). Our tests were cut short by high costs, as all demanded either leather or like leather and thought here was no final entry to English castle. Unless you have an oversized bed with bags, fluffy pillows at your disposal, you'll receive a very cold shoulder. These girls demand the full treatment. They didn't work their way up through the Austin-Healy and Thunderbird ranks just to be reduced to a jaguar.

Unless you have a money tree and wish to improve your social position through your bed partners, we think you'll find it best to ignore the Jaguar as an aid toward bigger and better Escapades. It's still not clear the automobile for other purposes. However, if someone else pays the bills in your family, life with a Jaguar can be wonderful beyond your wildest dreams.





The little man obviously was not sober, but without was no drink, although a single additional sip might have made him so. His eyes, soft and worn as melted caraway, shone with shyness; and his hair, white, shaggy, with immature mists, stamped the manhood low to emphasize his girleness.

"You don't believe me," he complained to the blonde girl beside him. "He doesn't either," with a long green toothpick between his fingers, whose small aquiline eyes seemed to start past both of them, as blank was his gaze.

The girl smiled, a mere quip of over-red lips.

"I do, stark," the odd, putting his hand. "Every word. I know when a guy's breathing with me." He squared his fingers. Her own were like warm, greasy little sausages, and the man gently impaled one of them in a sort of folded world. "They can another drink, honey."

"You think?" he went on suggestively, motioning the bartender to take her order, "that a guy who makes eighty thousand a year wouldn't be bound dead in a dive like this. That's the idea, isn't it? That's why you don't believe me."

"But I do believe you, darling. Hope to die?" She purred, making a half-hearted effort to cover her mouth, and then ended apologetically at his resentful glance.

"Here, damn it!" He stumbled in his walk. "I know how to give when you or anybody else of anything. Here's a hundred dollar bill. Take it. Go on — small change in me. Keep it."

The girl's faded face went white, then a deep flush suffused it, and one hand, pale-colored, reached almost blindly towards the money. The bartender's shadowy eyes met again; she caught his nearly imperceptible nod. The man snatched back her quaffed, moistened pants.

"Now you'll hear," the little man said with grim compunction. "Money talk. And I'll say it again from the beginning. You're sitting next to the guy who spans the biggest damn advertising agency in the world: Berrier, Keeley, McCrea, and King. And I'm the one who handles their top account — 'Perfume Cigarettes'. You're smacking 'em, I am. Everybody's smoking 'em. Think it over, Jim Humphrey Richards, the best烟ker who ever lived."

For the first time the bartender spoke. In a hoarse monotone he said: "I've heard of you. You pulled that stink with 'The Times'."

Richards brightened. "You're showed right. Took the first four pages of 'The New York Times'. In the center of each page, and not very large at that — lots of white space to set it off — just the slogan 'A Fine Day, Light up — and make it Perfect!' Cost a fortune, but it was worth every cent. They didn't like the idea — the publisher and

nature has no defense against a huckster with money

masterpiece

editor, I mean. A paper doesn't want to sell its front page. But when you put enough money on the line anything goes. I'll prove that again tomorrow night, by God!"

"I remember that now," the blonde said, soft in her voice. "My old lady used the issue she sold it might be worth though some day."

"Your old lady's smart," Richards grinned. "It might. Did you see the double page spread in *Wolsey's* last month? Your local vacation's coming soon! Light up — and make it *Prefect!* All my ideas. That's why I've worth buying, I mean."

The girl panted furiously into her purse, lips parted, then, as if remembering something, leaned against the little man's arm. He pinched her over, his gravity, almost absent. "Helen," he said. "All I want tonight is liquor and somebody to talk to. I'm always like that when one of my ready big ones all ready to break. And baby, that is the caption, the chief feature. Didn't you agree, Linda, to 'masterpiece', Honey?" He panted along the shabby room. "It's all about, by God, I know; you want to close the place down, but I'll be back tomorrow. That's the big night, man. I belong in *The Grotto* or *Savannah*, not in a ramshackle bistro like this, but you know what? I get fed up with pulled stems and their ever-lovin', this-and-that, comin' around women! I prefer real houses built like you. You'd never talk about getting together to cross-pollinate! Believe it or not, I've got a damn fury." He laughed harshly. "Some harm — why'd you say they may serve to support a grandfather?" He moved towards the door, staring just a little. "Tomorrow at eleven tomorrow p.m. — that's the time from them, kids! Don't miss it." He left.

As soon as the little man was gone, the bartender turned toward the blonde. He held out one damp, leather-bound hand, pointing. For a moment she stared at him dumbfounded, and even those wet hanging glasses at the door. Then come filled her eyes, covering her face with wonder, and she opened the purse. She put the hundred dollar bill in his hand, and with a single thin smile, like a broken poppy, ran out, uttering gossipy-sounding exhortations. The blonde face expressionless, the bartender studied the bill under a naked light bulb for several seconds, running a finger over it. Then with a rust noise, he slipped it into his wallet. A moment later he began methodically to turn all the few lights.

At eleven-thirty the following night, the little man re-

turned. Apparently he had passed elsewhere, for he walked with deliberate caution, as if on eggs. The blonde who had been waiting anxiously all day, hurried forward, and he gave her a hasty grin.

"All set, baby? Hell is that hundred already?" She miffed, flinging a pettish look at the bartender.

Richards looked around the room, and a peroxide man discovered his small pink mouth. In one corner a middle-aged bartender sat at a table with two blonde women. A boy, approximately under eighteen, sat at the bar, his long, yellow hair flushed. These were the only customers. The little man sighed. "The bartender's even smoking Camels," he said gravely. "Hell of a start." He turned to the bartender, whose face had relaxed unmercifully into a welcoming grin. "I won't have much of a lunch to celebrate with," Richards complained. "Maybe we ought to round up a few stops. Here." He took out his wallet, and as the girl and the bartender fixed yearning eyes on it, pulled out a handful of bills. "Drinks on the tall-tower sign-up of Benner, Keeley, McGraw, and King. But get someone to help us here up this snags, for Christ'sake."

"Sorry, Mac," the bartender said. "A star night. Haven't taken in enough to pay my light bill. You won't find any sitzys around now. Maybe when the movie lets out."

"Shorty?"

"The Empire. A block down."

"Where does the show start?"

The bartender struggled, but the blonde said eagerly, "From midnight, honey."

"Two damned late," the little man objected. "They'll miss the last. At least, they'll whatever punishment — the psychological moment. The hell block the view here in the valley. I should have gone . . ." His voice declined to a hoarse mutter.

"What fun!" the bartender demanded, without much interest. He had already taken the crumpled bills from the girl, and a flicker of surprise crossed his face. Big smile — little and broad. He studied the advertising man more carefully in the poor light, noticing for the first time his shoulder and with its bloom like that of a moth. The blonde guy must be the McGraw after all. He made quite a character, running around in places like this with his pockets full of century notes. A skinny shrimp, man.

(Continued on next page)

MASTERPIECE

(Continued from Page 41)

"What *last*?" Richards repeated breathily. "I told you, damn it. This night's my crowning achievement. And that's saying a lot. I'm the boy who imported thirty thousand dollars worth of Mexican coins and stamped 'on' 'The Perfect way to spend money.' Got around the silly American country less than month. Can't collect money, Washington says. I didn't feel anybody unhappy about getting this batch, defined or not. But the Vice Nellie in the Treasury Department took 'em all up on some technicality; halved the Mexican official, too. Well, we had our money's worth in publicity. That year we topped American Tobacco."

"You see? You a genius. That's why I get sick of snooty stars who just reinforce other people's ideas. I'd sooner talk to the man in the street — and the street walker, dam — they're geniuses."

"Did I tell you? Jim the one who painted 'A Flat View' — that's in Per-

rotti" on the White Club of Dover. Victoria makes out to me. We went round and round with His Majesty's Government on that one. All through their molecular counts. These judges were right like oil maps, so help me. They made us wait it off, and I never got a chance to try my 'English Export Every Smoker' gimmick. Had a fellow good suggestion about Major Reddick, too, but — what else is left?

The bartender looked at his wrist. "Quarter to twelve. No watch, Mac? Hell come, a big shot like you! I can get you a beauty, this time, make up to you."

"No watch?" Richards was indignant. "I'll show you." He dove down his neckline in onegulp, and reached into a pocket. The blonde gave a little gasp of pure consciousness, and the bartender turned forward. He lay on the piano stool, a fat, squatting thing, glistening with perspiration and rich with colored rooved bangles. A dozen tiny diamonds cor-

ded the dark, which was ludicrously exaggerated.

"By L. Leroy and Company of Paris," Richards said proudly. "Made in 1930 and cost me 250,000 francs in 1948."

"Look at all the little hands," the blonde said, water wonder in her voice.

"This is really a watch, honey. Days of the week; date; of the month; various phases of the moon; apparent solar time; full working, minute repeater on three gongs — blam-blam." He pressed a tiny nod, and future children-mentioned, voices and peacock-like church bells at an infinite distance. "Born and raised there; names; names — you name it."

"I'll be damned," the bartender said, and the youth, having his usual, aged, clean, honey-jew working. Naked torso showed to his pale eyes. The bartender drove him back with a cold, sneering snarl.

"By God!" Richards cried suddenly. "We're blabbing here as if it ain't didn't happen. Outside — quick! Or we'll miss the precious. You'll want to tell your kids about seeing this opening, believe me."

The full force of his steaming, relentless eye abruptly mastered them, and even the bartender shuddered after him on the sidewalk. The movie crowd was just streaming by. The night air was balmy with summer; they could smell the perfume, softly disturbing noise of jazzy. Without knowing it, the bartender and the blonde girl drew closer together, as if anticipating something monstrous.

The little man held up the watch, rotating it irritably. "One thing they didn't have then," he grumbled, "telephone dial." He fumbled for a match and struck it on his shoe. "Any second now," he said, peering down. "They'll be the boys back on their backs. Only Burnett, Randolph, McCrea, and King could have swing a deal like this. Thanks to you, Jim Richards — and money enough to log back Manhattan Island. They'll bring Bureau over fixed after tonight," he added, spanning his narrow shoulders. "There she comes."

He pointed to where the pin-striped bats batted dark against the starry midsummer sky. A silver mist spattered the furry ridges with magic light. The theater crowd seemed to pause in its gay progress down the street as the sharper eyes became fixed. Somebody called out in shrill, excited voices, there were their ribs and nervous giggles. A man said loudly, "Mother, put on your glasses, quick!"

Another voice, deeper, and cracked with a kind of surprised painlike,

(Continued on Page 29)

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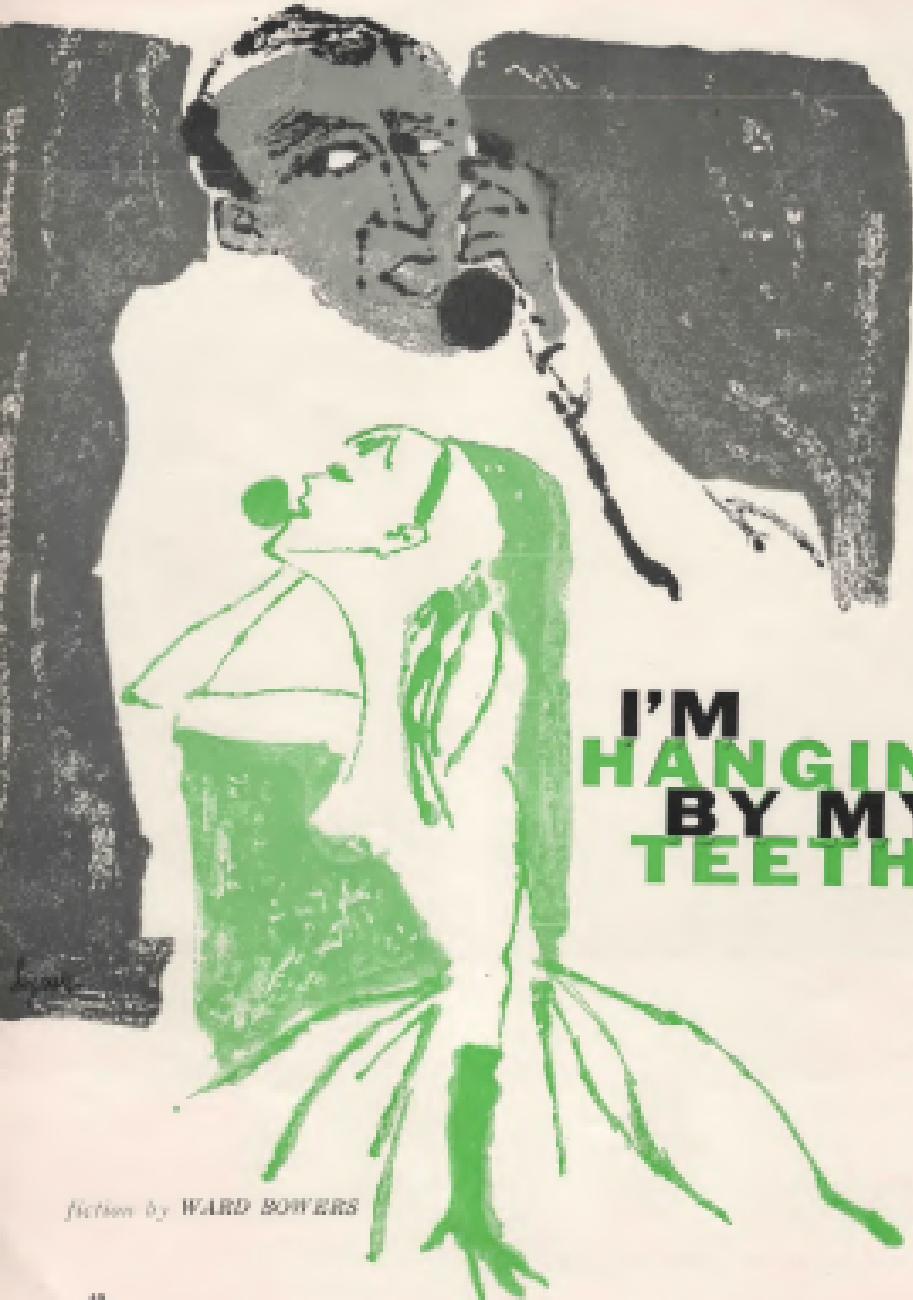




Caper, the newest magazine specifically produced for bright young people (and their bright elders) will be on your favorite newsstand September 1. Look for the October Issue, Vol. I, No. 1, packed with fine fiction, daring tricks and America's prettiest girls.

Ooh! that Caper!*

*says candy barr, exotic dancer



I'M
HANGING
BY MY
TEETH

fiction by WARD BOWERS

when you've had it, and lost it, you miss it

Felton had closed his face badly with the knife — there seemed to be nothing firmly in memory the film of blood — and then had painfully picked his upper gum with the toothbrush. He was unable to adjust the shower water to the proper temperature and he was alternately chilled and seared until he gave the whole thing up as an impossible job. The mirror was again cold when what a very ugly man he was with his large horn teeth, bushy, peroxied brows, yellow-grey eyes and sparse sandy hair, he resembled some curiously deformed eagle. He chilled himself at only a truly ugly time out; they told him things he would just as soon forget. He could no find clean under-wear or socks, and in the midst of a string of curses he banged his fist on a half-open bureau drawer.

The day itself complained against him. It was an agonistic Easter Sunday — much too hot for April — and there did not seem to be enough air to breath. The impinging heat, heralded by cloudburst and lightning, would do nothing to relieve the gloom. He knew it would not be cooling or welcome in any sense; it would simply be a misery on top of other miseries, minuscule light when he seemed would be a day of unrelieved dogrot. There were days marked by almost insufferable atmospheric and internal pressures, days when no diversion will serve to raise the mind to agreeable mystery, and you can do nothing but go to the end of the line worrying away at your small woes, sinking further inside yourself.

Felton, nursing the saline indignities of the morning, sat down at the mahogany desk in his semi-dark study, drinking a gin and tonic, and going over a meagre accumulation of unopened mail. As soon as he could figure, there was something slightly over forty thousand dollars' worth of bills

in this batch. Most of the bills were long overdues, and some of the letters were almost formal in tone — the letter from the man who had repaired the swimming pool was particularly nasty, finding as it did, with physical violence as a possible reprisal.

Felton lit a cigarette. The phone on the desk rang and snatched him so that he dropped the cigarette on the carpet, or more exactly the cigarette exploded off his bare middle like fire with a tiny, irritating burst. He retrieved the cigarette, rubbed his smile by passing, picked up the phone, and said, "Hello."

"Hello, Max, that you?"
"It's me all right," Felton answered.
"You don't sound like yourself. Ya gotta' my work done, baby?"

Felton scratched his thumbnail across the top billion she pile and said, "I'm working on a novel that seems to be coming along very nicely, very nicely indeed. It's about two queer married physicians who are in love with each other. These boys are working on a top secret government project. Now here's the rub, Barney, old son. They're being blackmailed by a titled dame but beautiful nevertheless. Russian agent, that, get this, she's a nymph. I figure you can peddle it in the pocket book here. You can tell them it's a novel of intrigue and perversions. They can use that on the jacket, I think, and with a few endorsements from some executives, the things'll be hot cakes. Whaddya think, baby?"

"Marvellous!" Barney said. "You really got something there, kid. How far along are ya?"

"I'm kidding," Felton said, simply and flipped his cigarette out the open door to the terrace he reached it hand and roll across the tile, and then he took a prolonged drink from the glass.

"I wish you'd come out this long ju-

in!" Barney said merrily, "you're driving me crazy. What'sa doing? Really, I mean, by serious."

"Reading the Bible and cleaning up on the horses. No horses family."

"Max, I wanna have a talk with ya, not today or anything, but I'll be out to see ya tomorrow morning and we'll go over the whole situation."

"Saturday, about time of strong beans and flowers, baby?" Felton said.
"Always the wise guy," Barney said.
"I got some people here so I can't talk now. I'll see ya in the a.m."

"Very probably, the Studys are all dull here?"

"Now, what'sa meant by that?" Barney asked irritably.

"Just a circumlocutory line."

"Another thing, that idea about the novel, it's not such a bad idea, it'd sell, and that's more than you can say about other stuff I've given you."

"I'll give it some more thought, Barney, although babies may not be the thing this year. See ya bright in the a.m. Toon!" Felton said and hung up.

"Goodbye your eyes," he said aloud to the empty bureau, and drained his glass. Felton had been unemployed for six months, and drunk — well, not exactly drunk, but certainly never quite sober — for the last three weeks. Felton's wife, Diane, after one of their number, more proletarian arguments, had packed herself and taken the two children back to Chicago. She left Felton in possession of a seven-room home in the Hollywood Hills section, a swimming pool, a run-down and MU convertible (he took the Plymouth), and a dachshund named Arthur. He had not used the pool or the convertible in the three weeks Diane had been gone, and Arthur had run away two days after she left.

Felton had worked as a writer at Fox
(Continued on next page)

HANGING BY MY TEETH

(Continued from Page 65)

amount for four years. He had worked almost exclusively on the studio's low budget pictures and, considering all the work given to him, he had to admit it was a good living. In six months of unfurnished flat leasing — there were no studio jobs available — he had written three short stories and part of a TV script. Barney had managed to sell one of the stories — the other two would probably never sell — and the TV script was still in the upperper and in his head. It had been a bittersweet compendium of equal parts of his own general banality, Eloise's abnormalities, and the bitters of a slowly diminishing income.

He had mixed himself another drink and was staring out to the pool when the phone rang again. He had better answer this time — the glass was gripped firmly and the cigarette burns spattered in his mouth. He returned to the desk and placed the glass carefully on a small stack of old magazines. He took the pile of bills, scuffed them into his left rear pocket, and said softly, "Close to my heart." The phone had hung free twice — he had counted — before he picked it up and said, "Fellow speaking."

"Hi, this is Eloise."

"Hello nice," Fellow said.

There was a long pause and Dearly be was forced to break the silence. "You did want something, didn't you, Eloise? I mean you wouldn't call from Chicago just to say hello, assuming you're still in Chicago with that old mother, and if it's money, you're not in luck."

"You will be Chicago and I did wait something but I think I've changed my mind," Eloise said.

"Always one of your more engaging traits, one of your more engaging traits I should say — wanting something and changing your mind, I guess."

"You're drinking aren't you?"

"Not at the moment, don't."

"Oh, Miss, I'm so miserable," Eloise said, her voice about breaking. "I want to come home."

"Miss the sunlight, old Mamie's handsome kissed, and the change in climate, huh?"

"You're a golden sunset," Eloise said. "Don't you have any feelings at all?"

"To show you my finer side, I'll ask about the children. How are the kids? I'm serious now; I like them."

"They make you too, Miss," Eloise said breathily.

"Miss keeping Daddy's image

bright in their little hearts?"

"It's Easter Sunday, Miss. Don't you have any Christian spirit?"

"I know it's Easter Sunday," Fellow said, "and I'll cut all Christian spirit today, unless you talk into that classification."

"It's just impossible to talk to you when you get like this."

"Just for the record, Eloise darling, you can not have no power for little fawn up through four years of milk and honey and then when things get a little rough, you have a look lame. Well, for my money, Eloise, you're a _____, you're a _____." The phone clicked.

Eloise had hung up.

He replaced the receiver and sat briefly — passing to enjoy an orange and threw the stack of magazines in the wastebasket, straighten a Turner print on the study wall — left the study, crossed the screen, and dropped down in a beach chair next to the pool. He stared grimly at the water, there was an orange red heating on the surface and the water was purple and dirty. He heard the Eloise singing on the other side of the window frame,

RAVISHING REDHEAD

(Continued from Page 26)

audition for the leading role in "Merry Christmas," with Betty Fields and Barry Nelson. She got the part.

When she isn't working, Tina studies dramatics — receives a complete role study and takes vocal coaching from Collin Russell, husband of Judy Tyler (watch especially for a forthcoming interview with Judy). When she isn't on-the-town, Tina stays home evenings, rehearsing lines or working on song routines. That's happy with her looks ("It gives me a lot of drama") but is determined to make the grade on her acting and singing talents alone. Being an exotic glamour girl also fits her drawbacks. ("It types you. The roles you can play are limited. And, oh, single phrasing you can do something other than stand around and look pretty").

Tina's closest companion is Jacques, a young male of French descent who sleeps at the foot of her white satin-covered, Chapman-style bed. Jacques is a chimericalized toy possil, a birthday gift to Tina from her mother. He walks her each morning between nine and ten in her light-flooded, sun-baked apartment overlooking Century Park. After sitting Jacques for his morning constitutional at the end of a baby-blue bath, Tina prepares her own breakfast, then makes her daily rounds.

and then the modified sound of a plane whistled, and from somewhere in the distance there was the sound of a power saw. And finally there were lights ringing. God knows where. He let his head fall back in the chair and he closed his eyes. A tear leaked slowly along his cheek.

In mixed hazy, watery drops, and still he sat with his head back, letting the water streams across his face.

The phone in the study rang insistently. He sat up slowly and watched the rain beat the surface of the pool. He stood up and went to the edge of the pool. He remained prodded there for several seconds and then he reached into the rear pocket of his waterlogged pants, removed the bills and flung them into the pool. He turned and stepped his way toward the house.

He picked up the phone in the middle of the rain ring. "This is Barney again. I was worried about ya. What the hell took you so long to answer, what's doing?"

"I'm hanging by my teeth," Fellow said.



She dreams smarthy, loves clothes, has a closet full of them, but doesn't buy as many as she used to, now that she's living on her own income. She smokes cigarettes ("As few as possible, if that's possible") and drinks Scotch-on-the rocks ("Just once in a while").

She plays tennis occasionally, swims once in a while, occasionally plays baseball every free moment she has in Central Park with her publicity agent, Wally Rose, a young blonde, ex-burlesque chick who takes more than just a professional interest in Tina. They're close personal friends. Tina loves music, prefers Latin rhythms, has no particularly favorite singers or musical likes. Moreover, she's not too jazz. She needs a lot, mostly轻松, object history, particularly the first of great women: picture models with romantic, dashing, colorful backgrounds.

She is unattached and gives the impression of needing marriage right now like she needs blonde hair. She prefers men who are tall, dark, and have a sense of humor; is tired of "jerk" who propose marriage on the first or second date.

This is all women, such women will take a good man to get her, a better man to keep her.





"Go somewhere else to fill your water pistol!"



- 1. Chianti
- 2. Port
- 3. Burgundy
- 4. Sherry
- 5. Rhine Wine
- 6. Champagne
- 7. Vermouth
- 8. Sauterne
- 9. Muscatel
- 10. Chianti
- 11. Madeira
- 12. Tokay
- 13. Zinfandel
- 14. Cognac
- 15. White Port
- 16. Pink Champagne
- 17. Creme
- 18. Dry Sauterne
- 19. Sparkling Burgundy
- 20. Red Muscatel

- (a) APPETIZER WINE (before-meal or cocktail wine)
- (b) WHITE TABLE WINE (bass with white meat, fowl, and seafoods)
- (c) RED TABLE WINE (for accompany meat,沉重—red meat, pasta, and highly seasoned foods)
- (d) SWEET DESSERT WINE (with desserts, as the name implies, and as refreshment in the afternoon or evening)
- (e) SPARKLING WINE (made naturally effervescent)



KNOW YOUR WINES?

BY JOSEPH G. BRECKEN

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT M. STONE

There are hundreds of different names for wines. However, virtually all of them fit into one of the following five classes: Apparatus Wine, White Table Wine, Red Table Wine, Sweet Dessert Wine, and Sparkling Wine.

In this quiz, you are to take the 10 different wines (which are most commonly recommended in stores, restaurants, etc., in the United States) and try to classify at least 12 of them correctly for a passing score. 13-to-17 is good; 18-to-20 excellent.



MINK G-STRINGS

nude and lavish, the folies bergere is a must for americans in paris



by HARRY ROSKOLENKO, *escapade's* roving reporter

For gentry, daring, audacity and tackiness, the famed *Folies Bergere*, plainly situated in the Ninth district of Paris, takes all universal prizes for leaders. To the American male tourist it is a wacky but should his virtuous maiden heart happen to cross Rue Richer and enter the gaudy portals of that exotic institution, she'd probably end up on an analysis' couch, babbling some secret, psychic nonsense.

Despite its profane side, the *Folies* is sacred to French tradition, though it is hardly a temple of holiness. In its own way it is much more exquis. But in its lighter cultural flights, and these are not rare, the *Folies* presents grandiose scenes from France's glorious history, and the scenes are not the usual hideous fare. Kings have fallen and many political and social changes have taken place since the doors opened in 1867, but the *Folies* wears a crown that is distinctly democratic. For six dollars you can sit in a roadside box, drink champagne and get your American pinches satisfied. Or you can stand for 200 francs, which is about seventy cents, and see forty nude girls deport and display an amplitude that is breathtaking.

An institution is surprising that time alone creates; but many man-made and semi-natural ingredients have melted and fused to make the *Folies Bergere* what it is today. When it started in business, it was more a music hall full of the midnight era, with operettas, romances and gypsies, and the usual variety show of the pre-tenderville days.

The building housing the *Folies* was originally a house called "The Colours of Hercules," specializing in beds, mattresses and couches. But an imaginative gentleman named Belkre saw other possibilities and

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"This is all virgin timber is through here, and that's Ruth Jenney. I don't know anything about her."



"Mind your own business!"

MISS

U.

S.

A.



Plenty of refreshing sleep is also recommended by Paulette as necessary when a girl's goal is healthful beauty (sleep and raw carrots virtually guarantee it, she claims). In this photograph Paulette demonstrates the reasons for her faith in the efficacy of such a regimen, and will see the evidence is pretty conclusive in her favor. Paulette likes her carrots raw, and also likes to sleep that way. Nature in the raw is sometimes mild.

(Continued on next page)



Just about the damndest thing around any year is pretty Paulette Nelson, nineteen-year-old Miss U.S.A. in the 1955 Mr. and Mrs. U.S.A. Contest. Her skill as a body builder has resulted in the classic 36-24-36 stack of pretty girl depicted in the graceful photographs on these pages.

In Paulette's book, there's no such thing as beauty without health, and she's a glowing example of her own convictions. When she isn't in the gym boozing weights around, she's out on Muscle Beach with other nature-loving kids who never seem to have hangovers.

This despite the fact that, as half of the trampolining and tumbling act billed as "Paula and Paulette," she spends her working hours in nightclubs and other places where wine flows like water. This is not, however, for Paulette; she likes raw carrots.

Paulette is of French descent on her mother's side and of Swedish ancestry on her father's, a combination virtually assuring something unusually attractive in the way of physical appearance. She was graduated from Hollywood Professional High School and is adept at acting, acrobatics, dancing and a number of similarly exotic activities.

She got into the rather unexpected trampolining act through the efforts of a former Vaudeville performer who was injured in a fall. Unable to continue his strenuous acrobatics, he trained Paula and Paulette and some acts as their agents.

But Paulette has her eye on higher things. She's been auditioned for the role of a single girl in a TV series, and has been suggested for a movie role or two. We have an idea she'll make it.

MINK G-STRINGS (Continued from Page 63)

adapted, or use a striking analogy, some of the properties, or bed down the future of the Folies.

Not long after, and succeeding, management presented things in the manner of the day. By 1930, under the direction of Bart, the girlfie dances were no longer props of the Folies; instead, it was mostly cultural and presented musical works by Gershwin, Mistinguett, Saint-Saëns and Delibes. The plan later a more imaginative than named Almand, formerly of La Scala, took over for a spell. But it did not become a triumph of titillation and its present director, Paul Berard, seems all set. Since then, all the great stars of France, from Greta Garbo, the clowns, to Yves Gauthier, have done their turns on the wide stage of the Folies Bergère.

Today is taken three hundred and forty new and women to put the show together. For "All Quotid' Follie" is an enormous affair in its scope as a Ringling circus. In scenes, choruses and loosely naked ladies go through fourteen hundred costumes and forty different scenes within those hours. Some scenes are as low inspiring as a Spring day in Venice or as erotic as a Black Mass. While forty male girls, ranging with animation, go from the sacred to the profane, with hairy disorder and glitzy gusto.

The Folies run the whole gamut of entertainment, featuring like a Grecian floral background in one minute, with Arabian belly-dancers setting a dervish pace, and in the next minute presenting a pageant of spectacular beauty. To understand it fully, I will review its major merits, rating the show like a reviewer at a first night opening.

It starts with a grand parade of forty lascivious girls in various stages of undress. Then the seven lovely principals are introduced with becoming modesty, though they are hardly modestly attired. Rita Caudill, a sultry young blonde, moves about the stage as if she were in a forest; but even more comic is rechristened Almoechie, who has replaced the sun Santina and for subtler dressing, Alessandra really knows her way around her ample hips, using her elastic sampler with the most lewdish abandon. The male dancers, most of them American Negroes, strut about . . . and the show is on.

Two English tap dancers, Morna and Juby, take over, and they are very good. Then comes the first spectacle, a thing called "Hedgerow," a masked pierce preserving Lysander, Mercutio, Greek matrons, horses and lady maid-servants, as well as gladiators, acrobats and

lions. Suggesting what was once the flowering of Greek culture, the sage encompasses all that was once noble before Greece lost out to homosexuality and decadence.

Then the Greeks leave, the dancers Almoechie pass on a costful piece of sexual surgery called "The Egyptian of Love," in which the ladies, women and men in the most primal movements.

Next, we have some audience participation, with four men picked at random to help make up a bit of comedy called "The Angels' Courtship." It is strictly ballroomery, but it does often have some chance to introduce some winks, which was probably the point.

There comes the liveliest spectacle, "La Traviata," with Yvonne Bell singing the role. It is a mazur of staging and costumes, the parts riding in various levels to form an enormous circular hallroom. It is a mélange of aged France, introducing such literary and society characters as Alexandre Dumas, Baron Beaumarchais, Comte d'Orsay, La Comtesse de Toulouse and La Dame aux Camélias. For show on stagecoach and dooey, "La Traviata" is one of the high spots of the current Folies.

The modern and the ancient are always in juxtaposition, and in the next offering, "Pain and Rose Weather," we get all Hollywood, sans Greta Garbo. A few minutes later, the tableau, "Jazz-Art Print," moves onto the large stage, and it is at the famous Jiggeto's presentation, Flimbridge and Ullman, have come to life, for the setting is magnificently romantic and exalted, containing all the poetic sentiment of old Japan with mysteries and gokus reaching what gokus usually entail.

An occasional touch of raw, French style, emerges from the massive engorging that holds the show together. And since a show rarely runs about three years, the changes that occur are changes that do not affect the general layout. In a three-year run you are likely to see a star drag out and a new one come in, but the costly set-up remains during the show's duration.

The parts are good, especially Radford, an Englishman who does a fine bit of spouting about foreigner ordering food in French restaurants. The other male leads are hot and wins, with the French version of song swishing up a storm. Oddly, the concept the Folies has regarding men is purely French, with an indifference feeling regarding the secondary performers, and by the time you reach the tableau, "The Enchanted Forest," which is another epic of staging, with nymphs and boys running about, you realize that only

the principals are carrying the burden of the show. And with Rita Caudill and Frederick Key using the principal burlesque for some difference and actual striping, with some gauging on the part of the audience, you wonder why the Folie authorities do not do more than just wait at the going-on taking place in the deep woods at Le Jardin Sauvage.

Some of the new dances, as expected, are queer, writhing about, trying with the girls for attention. But since the Folies is for everybody, no one finds fault no matter what happens.

It would be impossible that the theater can house so enormous sets, for the main coding scenes have goddesses, horses, airplanes, pyramids, and, of course, the forty large nude ladies. When the girls are nude they take up quite a bit of room; but when they are dressed, in splendor, their dresses spread to great widths; they bulk all the more.

The show ends with some of the gallop, too, which is an extremely clever piece of military done in profile. There is another act called, called "Sunday at Clark," as well as a striking body dance with Rita Caudill going in for more than usually intimate dancing and general wantonness. When the show finally dissolves, you know the naked French lass with stockings but between Almoechie and Rita Caudill, you are bombarded with sexuality very掌上。

"Nudity," I was told by the publicity director, Mr. Whipple-Dill, "is not much in this show . . ." This is obviously a modest statement for the Folies are裸, nude, bar and blarney. It is an edition of historical panting and grandeur when it is not just plain exhibition on parade. And since this is the fourth time that I've seen the glories of the Folies Bergère, I can speak with some historical knowledge about its raw, rough, nakedly libidinous latitudes; this Folies art definitely appears to me like the "All Quotid' Follie . . ."

Here are the answers to the Wine Quiz questions on Pages 52-53:

1-a	11-b
2-d	12-d
3-c	13-c
4-a	14-a
5-b	15-d
6-a	16-e
7-e	17-c
8-b	18-b
9-d	19-a
10-c	20-d

has played with and conducted small groups, both progressive and Latin. He has written a number of songs, most of them with a Latin flavor, which have been successfully recorded by such groups as those of Xavier Cugat and Tito Puente. He has developed a keen interest in modern sounds, and has derived a great deal of talent and imagination to blending the Latin and progressive jazz structures and rhythms, an endeavor in which he has been notably successful.

The recording date was under the direction of RCA-Victor's West Coast area's representative Milton (Shorty) Rogers, himself one of the modern jazz greats and leader of the famed Hollywood Beach Big House "Giants," who brought the term — "West Coast sound" — into modern jazz lexiconography. Rogers is a short, stockily built young man who wears a mustache and goatee, the possessors of a pleasant personality and a sharp ear for chords and rhythm. The technician in charge was Eddie Rearden's expert studio engineer, Nat Valencia, a witty young Latino, very "hip" in progressive trends in music and with an eye capable of detecting the smallest tiny overtones. Valencia was assisted by Jack Marsteller, recording engineer, who handled the tape. Also in the glassed-in engineer's booth were Leonard Poncher, Cisco's personal manager, a smooth and amicably clad young business type; Bob Van Gorder, Cisco's business manager, and Van Tomkins, another young concern tour promoter who expressed an interest in taking the Cisco group on the road.

There were six men in the band, all intimately concerned with Cisco's activities, and seven men in the large, hot, acoustically-clad studio, also with a common concern. These were Cisco and the six members of the group.

In addition to Cisco, they were Larry Parker, who had been the drummer with the original Harry Morgan Quartet and still, curiously, is musical director for Peggy Lee (at this session, he played vibraphone; he is also an accomplished pianist); Jack Costanzo, long-time favorite with Nat Cole, Stan Kenton, Peggy Lee and Stanislaus Fife, and currently leader of his own orchestra, in which Laine is the pianist; Bill Richardson, drummer, who had just left Les Brown and had played with Harry James and other big bands; Tommy Tedesco, formerly with Ralph Margore and currently with the Dave Bell Orchestra; and Eddie Aponte, who had previously worked with Cisco, as well as with

Katherine Dunham, Josephine Baker and Kenee Toussaint's mounting number groups, and bassist Tony Reyes, formerly with Xavier Cugat, Tito Puente, Los Busters and the Voices of Miltos Schenckers. Every member of this group, in reality an elaborate rhythm section, rates near the top in his field. And every man had the "feel" of what Cisco was attempting to accomplish: an artistic reconciliation, or re-union, of the progressive jazz and Latin, or, *Alex Collier, chapter twelve*.

If there is anything such as a true "West Coast sound," this is probably it. Whereas early New Orleans jazz found its source in the immigrant creole jazz of the suppressed Negroes, so the West Coast share has always been a tremendous Latin cultural influence, reflected in place names, local history and a large population of Latino descendants. Every California child, especially in the southern section of the state, grows up in awareness of this hemisphere's native music and Mexican and Spanish folk songs, almost from the cradle. On the West Coast, a blend of jazz and Latin music is most logical.

"What name would you give to this music of Eddie's?" I asked Poncher, a facile pianist-musician who handled the albums for which these sides were being taped. "Progressive Latin?" "No," he said, "because it isn't Latin. It's jazz, just with a Latin flavor. Progressive jazz with a Latin flavor," Rogers, standing aside, nodded his head in agreement. "Yeah," he said. "It's jazz. The Latin flavor primarily comes from the rhythms — bongo, conga and so on." Rogers, a tap authority on rhythm, lowered his hands from a table a single bell box which Aponte was practicing. The sound came over the system greatly amplified. "It's exciting stuff — real crazy," Rogers said.

Out in the large studio, Cisco told him, "We're going to do 'Take for Sale' first. The Parker name doesn't suggest any 'Take for Sale' and 'What Is This Thing Called Love?' We've done the other two — 'It's All Right With Me,' 'Get Out of Town,' 'I Love You' and 'I Got a High Cost of Living.' We'll do two or three, 'Yesterday' and another I haven't titled yet." This was "Algo Saber," which was titled during the session. Cisco is called "The Buddha" by fellow musicians because of his stocky build and outward placidity, and Valencia, a clever pheasantkeeper in his own right, suggested calling it "Buddha's Rock." "Uh-uh," responded Cisco. "Suppose I want to play China or some other Buddha country someday?" Cisco isn't particularly fond of

his nickname).

Some after eight, the musicians were in their chairs and Eddie counted off the tempos. It wasn't a take, just a run-through. The band swang into "Love for Life" while Valencia, reinforced by his patch of switches and click, carefully monitored the microphones for feedback. There were eight microphones for the seven musicians, one for each instrument except the piano, which had two.

In the studio, the band sounded surprisingly full. Cisco plays full piano and had written very tight arrangements. The rhythms were complex and changing, although the tempos held steady. Tedesco's guitar choruses were impressive. When the arrangement ended, Rogers marveled, "That! That! That!" "Not bad," said Cisco's calm reply. He looked at Parker. "Yeah, it was me," Parker said. He sat a spell, thinking, studying the music carefully. "I think it's the blues," he said. "What have you got?" Eddie played the same phrase. He had a "B" section. "I guess that's it. Should be natural." Parker made a grueling correction on his sheet, and ran the phrase again. "Yeah," he agreed. The piano was noisy and played in precise unison on saxes and piano. Cisco and Parker ran through it together. "Great," Parker commented.

Valencia came out of the booth, although the two-way speaker connecting the studio and booth was operating and communication was possible between them. "It's too damn heavy," Valencia said. "I don't want to either run up, but keep it down." Cisco nodded. "You, mostly," Valencia told him. "You're hitting it too hard and that pulls the others." Eddie nodded again. "Cisco's got the vibes down on those side tracks," Valencia declared. Richardson piped up. "Tell Parker to use his Hampton snare." Everybody laughed, ruing the comment.

"Shall we try it?" Valencia asked, leading back to the booth. "Right as well," Cisco agreed. The musicians renamed their pieces and waited. After a few moments, Valencia said over the speaker system, "This is a take." The studio grew quiet. Rogers emanated the rock number of the side and the lead, "Take One." Cisco counted off, and the count ran in. They went through the entire arrangement without interruption. When it was over, the men sat back and smiled. "It swing," said Costanzo. Cisco nodded. "Any Buddha?" he asked. Nobody said anything. Valencia called from the booth. "Want to hear it?" "What do you think?" Cisco asked. Rogers shook his head. "It'll be a killer," Valencia said.

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THE THIRSTY MAN

(Continued from Page 18)

gurgles and gulp of mineral water as the air rose in the surface like a baby's cry; then the warmth of the water, receding cold and clear down the hungry regions of his stomach. And yes, five minutes later—and sometimes sooner—it was no better! The water was there again. And there was Hanley's honey smile. She laughed when he went to the cooler; she laughed when he went to the bathroom. She laughed like Harriet. Laughed. Now, believe.

But it was no longer funny to them when the El Monte office complained Hanley's office was using a half bottle a day! There is began to hurt. Gering had received a call from office memo, and they pointed the blame at Hanley. They asked him why. "There's nothing," he had explained with hurried hast, and wished he'd learned better how to lie. "There, Dick. This I understand." Gering had begun "But after all now . . . it does look funny!" The jolly face of the Head Accountant wrinkled, grimly. "Just afraid you'll have to pay for it." And he had walked away. His little mind confused and puzzled.

"No one can drink that much water!" Gering had said. "For two such water for one man to drink!"

Hanley was interrupted from his accountant's game of solitaire by the chattered jangle of a telephone and Charlie's voice. The sound came at him down the hall.

"Hey, Niagara!" Charlie bawled. "You'd better catch yourself in the company planning room! Mineral Waters just pleased to say their men won't be out this afternoon."

Richard Hanley radiated in the hall and shook the last previous drop from the spigot of the Mineral Waters

water cooler . . .

They clapped beneath the big white overpass at Bakersfield faster than the speed limit. At a word on the sun-dried dirt of road, Hanley had hauled an old army blanket and packed it carelessly around the bodies in the truck. At a lop-top store, he bought some ginger ale for some, so a filling station rest room . . .

He drove fast now; past the lumber yards and used car lots, the derricks of Oilfield, the open flat country toward Tulare. If they didn't reach Sepulveda, he knew he'd never make it. He felt he was condemning himself to death. He had Charlie open his a bottle of ginger ale and drank it greedily, splitting the bubbling liquid down his shirt and chin. He remembered the time he'd gone to the ocean, near Santa Monica, to think it over. Maple had gone there because he felt at home, with a thousand-hundred miles of water. Maple had wanted to die, to drown in the billion acres of what he needed most . . .

He recalled his first embarrased consultation with the family physician. Matheson had given him the usual nod on the shoulder and asked if he was doing right by Harry.

"Not another cheapie?" Matheson said, in professional jocularity. "Why you're my healthiest client!" The doctor chuckled and wracked his head. "And don't tell me it's the song. Do you know, in the past three weeks—"

"No," Hanley said. "That's not it." The doctor nodded knowingly, nodding to his name. "Pac, check on Mr. McDonald's appointment like a good girl . . ." He turned to Hanley when the door had closed. "So what is it, old man? Can't keep up the pace with

Mrs. Hanley? Feeling your age?"

"Not exactly," Hanley said. He looked at his shoes, awkwardly. "You see . . . I'm sick."

"Agh."

"I don't exactly know how to put it."

"Well, we with it, man!"

Richard Hanley ground his teeth and looked at his old friend. "John-well—I just . . . thirsty!" He dragged his shoulders. "That's about it. I'm very thirsty."

Matheson nodded glumly. "It's bad stuff boy. Got to know when to have a glass."

"Not!" Hanley said, with such sudden emphasis that the smile withered from the doctor's face. "I'm just plain thirsty. I drink a little great deal of everything. I don't know what I want."

"I see." The doctor made a note. "Tell you doctor. Miner, mostly!"

"Yes, of course. But coffee, milk, everything. It doesn't help for long."

"What seems to sprout your thirst the most?"

"Oh, who knows?" Hanley shook his head. "Beer juice, maybe. Or sherry wine . . . None of it satisfies me."

"I see." Matheson made another note. "And what about your kidneys?"

"I go to the bathroom a lot."

"It follows." The doctor scratched his pen to paper once again. "A dark business," he said, smiling. "A very dark business, indeed."

From then on out, Hanley knew that John Matheson would not take him seriously. Even as physically, the tests were exhaustive, but revealed nothing serious. Hanley often thought it would be a blessing to be disabled or subject to any number of the ills which could explain his need for liquids. To have an explanation; any explanation. But, unfortunately, Richard Hanley was healthy man. His need seemed purely mental.

As Dr. Matheson had put it: "A doctor in no accident, a simple knock on the head does not give one a craving for paper juice!"

That's why he had gone to the psychiatrist. A shrewd going, for a grown, successful man to visit a psychiatrist! He wondered at what Sam Almoe had told him. The doctor had spoken of antagonistic and hostile environments, of locations and blocks of man's emotions. When Hanley had said he'd never had the drink to satisfy him, the doctor said maple had not had enough of anything. Miner, beer, coffee, milk, colas, juice; it was all part of the composition need for liquids. But there was no answer. No remedy. For months now. Dr. Almoe had

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marked. "Come on, it was here, it's here now." Although usually the play back was closer to the studio, the bandmen all moved into the small crowded booth where Moshchen was reversing the tape. It gave off an odd jumble of noise, running fast and backward. "Okay, okay," Barker said. Everyone laughed and relaxed except Cane, who looked nervous. Just then, Moshchen started the playback. It was staggeringly loud in the small booth. The piano started heavy, and the others played heavy keeping up. Tedesco's guitar rumbles sounded steady. The heavy piano caused resonance in the violin whenever Barker opened the pedal. Cane mumbled, "It's too much," he commented. "Get to get it down." "Yeah," Rogers said. "But don't tighten up. The last's fine."

The band stopped out steadily and huddled around Cane at the piano. "Let's get off this for a while," he finally said to Rogers, using the Spanish system. "We're tight on it. We'll do 'Santana' now," "Okay," Rogers acquiesced. "What's a run-through or a take?" "Let's take it," Cane said. He played a few bars, to set the time and tempo and give the band the feel of it. "Randy, Quiet," Valentini said. Rogers read off the new take number "Take Two," he will. The pause had settled the band. Cane sobered up, and the musicians played more safely. In the booth, it was sustained lead, but cleaner. Now the real, Apakito Puffed a thumb-picking. Unbeknownst, Cane stopped the band. "Want to hear it that last?" Valentini asked. Cane nodded, and Moshchen played it back over the system. At this point, everybody laughed. "Man, that's cool and cool," Santana phoned. "Okay, guys, let's do it," Cane said. They went quiet as Rogers again gave the cue. "Take Two," he said. Cane counted off "One—two—three..." The first note of the arrangement was a pickup note from that last. The band moving out; there were no faults. "Man, that swing!" Costanzo said. "Want to hear it?" Valentini called from the booth. "No, we know that's great," Barker said, laughing. They were record-hunting on the playback, their heads rocking to rhythm, their feet tapping. "That's got it," Cane said. Rogers, grinning, held up his hand, the thumb and forefinger making an "X" in the familiar "okay" signal.

Almost without a break, the next record band went in "Love You Baby." The sound was under control. The unison parts were off perfectly. Tedesco's guitar solos were clean and sharp. The date was an tape after two

takes, and the band made its first unanimous break of the session. Rogers was happy with the results so far. "Okay, Gary stand," was his verdict.

Rogers had to had done after a long day, and some of the bandmen were not to a small coffee shop at the corner for sandwiches and coffee, and bought back a snack for Rogers. An RCA-Victor man brought him some letters to sign. Cane had decided to tape the unmastered original mix. It was a far-out, experimental arrangement, those opening bars sounded almost like mariachi, or Mexican hillbilly music, with double-time strums on the piano. The complex rhythms and progressive chords of later sections were developed as the piece progressed, and the ending bars were swinging adrenalinous, hard-driving and cerebral. It was a difficult thing to play, but precise and beautiful when played properly. Everyone anticipated that it would be a highlight of the album.

After the break, the musicians took their chairs. There was none of the hide-and-seek popularity popularized in the setting of a jazz recording session. These were compatriots, serious musicians, professionals, giving all the technique and sensitivity they could muster to the job at hand. There was no banter talk. There was occasional use of such expletives as "oh," "well," "crazy" and "man," which sound natural when used by musicians but irritated when employed by laymen. Barker wore, like Rodgers, a guitar and metronome. The others were clean shaven and all were conservatively dressed and mannered. Cane, Tedesco, Apakito and Rogers are of Latin descent. Costanzo looks Italian. Richmond has the appearance of a collegian in a Beatles Brothers' ad. A typical sound "bebop" would have felt embarrassed among them.

Over the address system, after a run-through of the progressive arrangement, which sound up swinging solidly, Valentini called out, "How about calling it 'Bebop's Boogie'?" After Cane demurred, Rogers said, "Let's make one." There went the usual preliminaries and the band went into it. Cane had set the tempo too far up, and a din's off. There were faults and overtones and at the end the band was pressing. There was a moment of silence. "You don't want to hear it," Rogers said. "Now it's down. Okay, Take Two," Cane commanded a slightly slower tempo, and within eight bars the band was hopefully bugged down. Most of the trouble seemed to be with the bass, bongos, timbales and drums.

The depths were complicated and called for precise execution. Cane stopped the band and demonstrated on the piano the general idea. "Okay, let's go," he said, giving Rogers the nod. Cane counted off. Take Three was it. The piece came off perfectly and wound up driving. The bandmen were inspired, finding every subtle rhythmic nuance, every tonal color. At the end, Barker, whose part was particularly difficult, gave a big grin and threw his sticks across the room. "I Did It," Apakito said. "Or that's it pickup." "Never heard it," said Costanzo, who was sitting next to him. "I did, though," Apakito insisted. With no award, the band jumped into the engineer's booth to hear the playback. "There's the ball," Apakito said. "Man, that sounded good," Costanzo said. "I didn't realize it," Cane said. "That's the kind of ball we like," Valentini said. Rogers was laughing. He got up from his chair and exuberantly embraced Cane. "Man, that's the greatest," he assured him. The other musicians, as well as the crew in the engineer's booth, also were excited. "What a sound!" Valentini said. "That's it, baby." Cane had lost sense of his own physicality. He was grinning happily. "I like it," he said. "Okay," Rogers announced from. Free Richmond, the engineer of the lot, was happy. "Great sound," he kept saying. He'd done a particularly fine job on the side. "Okay, man, man!" Barker said. "Hey," Valentini interposed, "there's something this — 'Oye Sabreto'?" "What's that?" Barker demanded. "Oye Sabreto" — Something "Foxy" in English? Cane said, his eye lighting. "Yeah—that's it, man!" Agreement was unanimous, and Rogers entered the name on his chart.

With "Oye Sabreto" out of the way, Cane decided to wind up the session with a short and comparatively simple arrangement of "What Is This Thing Called Love?" It opened with a piano introduction followed in succession by the entry of the bass, the bongos, the drums, the guitar and, finally, the vibraphone. It came out in reverse order. For some reason, the piece refused to jell. Perhaps there was a lispiness after the excitement of "Oye Sabreto"; perhaps the musicians were a bit tired after the concentrated effort of the last few hours. It was nearly eleven o'clock. The Cain Police classic concluded flat, coloring these were many small mistakes. Barker, running a rubber bat phone, looked disgruntled: the others were laughing. "It's a drag," he insisted. Cane looked over his notes, still fingering the guitar. The musicians sat back, resting. One or two lit cigarettes.

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THE THIRSTY MAN

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explored the man advanced these portions of his profession: ocean lawns and shorts, stimulant and psychotropics. Even anaesthetics and barbiturates injections were without effect on his condition.

That was the main reason Hanley had decided to follow Dr. Abnormal's advice; the man had suggested a novel No talk of mental indications or neuroses. No grumpy in the laundry schedule. Just the quiet confidence that Neurologist Abnormal had explored Hanley's mind from before birth to maturity and could's find the answer. Hanley must try to save himself.

Sam Abnormal had a rabbit at Sprouts, quite isolated, which he used for the winter months . . .

"Richard Hanley must go on the wagon."

On twisting mountain roads those Yanks, the 1949 sides charted palely upwards. Five miles up the unpaved gauge road 16000; a low fog covered each winding turn along the route with aching white shroud, inside the car it was cold, and Harriet had turned up the heater, enough to bother Hanley. The radio played with soft and nearly inaudible whispers in the right, from a Fresno station. Hanley turned on his flashlight and read the map that Dr. Abnormal had given him; it was not far now. He told Harriet to drive with care, as the boulders in the road had begun to click and rattle as they rounded every curve. He opened his last bottle of ginger ale and sipped it cautiously. Not speaking either of them.

"Pull over!" he said at last, to Harriet.

"Are you crazy?" She looked at him. "Get a road like this?"

"I don't give a damn about the road," he said. "You can leave the tall lights on." He wiped his lips. "I only want to look at them. That's all. I'm not going to smash them."

She pulled the car as close to the cliff's edge as they dared. They both got out on the driver's side, but Harriet waited by the door, shivering and complaining loudly. Hanley did not budge. He opened up the trunk, removed the blanket and looked at his bottles with an exhausted kind of relief. Many more boulders. Fourteen quart bottles of water, packed with the fresh and orderly creation of a chemist's box. Then he got back in the car. He finished his ginger ale.

"I'll drive the rest of the way," he said. And he felt the shadows closing in . . .

Now the wet spider web of night had

spread their web across the windshield, and Hanley's fingers jerked impatiently at the wiper switch. It went a long time to work—with the proper rhythm. The long rubber blade first moved down, with a creeping kind of shiver, and lowered down. Then it snapped and came back up again, pushing the cloud bags behind it. And down again, and lowered. And snapped. And up . . .

Dawn and darkness. Snapped and up. Richard Hanley remained the nightmare at their home. The awful nights with Harriet. With their friends . . .

"Oh for Christake, Richard!" Harriet had screamed through the bathroom door. "Trying to establish a new record for dissolution?"

He gulped and removed his face from the steaming faucet, the water streaming down his neck and back. "Just a moment, dear," he called, removing the water from his ears. "All—done now."

Every night the same. At first she had questioned his nightly shower, insisted one shower a day was enough.

But it was only in the shower—with the door locked—that Richard Hanley could be himself. The blood, acres more . . . when the water flowed, when the water really flowed, his mouth a white-clenched gaping hole above the spigot, the muscles of his jaw stretched taut and wide; the sharp head things biting full upon his chilled blue things, the outside giving colour to his parched and fibrous lips, the body shoulders of relief in the pounds and pounds of water filled his aching body.

He'd want to drink until he always dissolved. Because he never had enough. He really never had enough.

Then, of course, there were the bridge parties and social calls . . . with Sam Janna. With her husband, George. With all the others. The last burning smoke of cigarettes, shaking and drying a man so nearly rays of incandescent lamplight; the crisp, linked playing cards between his fingers; the cold, silent repose of silence for his hands . . .

The owners, the radio, everyone. The dance a thirty-five cent hour. And the card players' eyes that search their close friends, very good friends . . . who don't understand at all.

"Dulling. I'm tired. Let's go home now."

"A store lost place, if you ask me!" Harriet said, as she walked into Sam Abnormal's cabin.

"No, we're asking you, darling."

Hanley said. The two of them stood there, watching the Model A pickup disappear down the road. With one another, their eyes turned to the wooden cross on the table.

Harriet walked past the cross to Hanley after the cabin door. "Two words, fool."

"He turned up the power on his lantern. "You," he said.

"It won't work," she said. She looked tired. He reached her pick up some sticks and began to pile them on the fireplace stones. "One-day," she said, "just like vitamins." She laughed, shortly. "Got a man?"

Hanley stared her in the muscles, his eyes never straying from the criss of bones. He focused his heavier beam directly on the table. "Go to bed," he said.

Harriet Hanley yawned. "There I better—" She pointed to a distressed bedroom. "I'll sleep in there," she said.

"All right."

Richard Hanley did not go to sleep that night. He could not sleep. The chair was painted.

He watched his brother. He sat in the big chair and knew he'd never make it. Furniture stayed. No electricity in the house, no telephone, no escape . . . no water.

No liquids.

No old man in a Modigliani robe there back the thirty miles to Kremml and their car.

He waited the whole night through, because an hour seemed to him a night. First he drank the cold bottle he'd smuggled in his coat—unconsciously and slow. He tried to—think.

Richard Hanley waited where he remembered Harriet complaining she'd have no water for the dishes. One square a day—between thumb—for a night. It was hard to understand this psychiatric sickness, Sam. Dr. Abnormal had forced him (in the wrong place) the doctor's pot was dry.

On an impulse, Hanley raced across the room and turned the handle on the faucet. Not a drop. He went to the bathroom, shut and locked the door. Feeling like a criminal in Sam Abnormal's cabin, he took his usual position in the bathrobe, like a tiger at noon. The shower tap gave only an empty groan. The toilet did not work. These chores had been complete.

He was freezing . . . he was thirsty.

The fire bottle was heavy in his hands; he carried it gingerly across the room and over to the big chair by the fireplace. He sat down, and found the bottle shaking in his hands. He dropped the bottle with a wooden thump to the floor; he held his hands tight

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ESCAPE'S GOURMET

KULA HAM and TAAKA YAM with hot bunsomes

"posting the ham" is always such the digested connection with green shirts very many, when a hand do every kind leaves. These body kids who had eaten and were to follow the "walking paper" from Honolulu are now bravely gritted in confidence. When all power transferred "Kula Ham Sunday Cuban" at the Winter Chamber in New York City, money a present there every five years, because for the second assembly office, and called away for the hand of Mr. Hunt, when a TV show of Harry O'Brien indefinitely facilitating the Islands, every living India to eat his new killed in the arms of Whistler. Everything changes but babies, and they still like to eat, especially with somebody else doing the cooking. By this time as you like them, keep cool with particular in the right time there, and remember - in the gods don't keep these savings up with their health.

Shop For

Canner size of hampered ham, one inch thick. Canned pine, pineapple slices, bananas. Bananas sugar, the smallest, every possible pleasure. Old, low sugar, and canned pineapples. Pineapple slices should cover the lower edge of the ham size. Be patient in heat, cooling and wait while it is in solution baking dish. Canning jars three size of small pineapples and canned yams in a plastic with a balloon or brown sugar, a can sizes of mustard, a compote of every possible, and a half-bunches of ginger. Four skin over the ham size and bake at 250 degrees for 30 minutes. Spruce the ham over the ham from time to the baking cooking. From more hours sugar, then add a little and sparkle with some possible. Then add a piece the ham for five minutes, watching care fully.

The yams are placed around the ham to run no heat there through. By the pineapple slices and layers them in layers on a surface covered. Arrange on the ham like before serving.

Bake in shallow baking dish and arrange the ham bunsomes in it. It is a 250-degree oven, they will bake in 10 minutes. Baste them with melted butter and sparkle with cinnamon and paprika halfway through.

While watching this bunsomes heat and during the cold water above to flavor, keep cool with



Hula Cookies

Four recent gift is two red plumeria. Puka filling with several pineapple slices. She is a spoolful of her sugar to taste. Ready them up with several dried through a slice of lime and/or a slice.

Scenes From The Islands

Moshe and Debbie, Iaohipa Island bachelors, decided they had enough沉淀物, so staged a grand wedding for themselves, received many gifts, and sailed off to Hawaii for a honeymoon.

On their return they were met by mounted police men shouting greetings from dusk to dark.

"They, Moshe!" shouted one biker several on the family car. "Does you like married life?"

"We like it," barked. "Thanks for present those differences!"



THE THIRSTY MAN

(Continued from Page 61)

upon his knees to stop the shaking.

Richard Hadley watched the bottle move, the water sucking in it like the child in mother's arms. At the hands of a watchman's clock will tick, his fingers moved together, quivering toward the bubbling water on the floor. Happily, he heard the rounded glass ring upon the sandy linoleum surface so that indeed did Richard Hadley drink the water that he ran his lip on the bottle and mixed red with the liquid that he fed upon.

Then the second bottle, neither nor did now pause to realize.

After the seventh bottle, Hadley smiled, the water dripping from his mouth. He'd taken caution not to wake Harriet; after the first round bottle on the fourth, each subsequent bottle had been placed in a row on the floor, each a victim to his thirst.

And the fourteenth bottle seemed gone before the first, and he passed, his head still heavy with his last.

For a long time Richard Hadley sat in the chair. Then he stepped up the dose, that he might now drink the air. This mountain wind brushed his forehead; they made him finger the bottles, they made him drink. They helped him see the great bulk of the mountain upon the hill. He had no remembered the precautions men take—throwing water to the soil and flames. Richard Hadley suppressed a moment of desire to leap, he climbed the hill, this causing his fall, then standing, as his falling to the rock caused will around his ancient rock. The wide round wheel turned with a defiance that burned the skin upon his fingers. But when the heavy spider finally opened, Richard Hadley's hands were waiting in the open-palmed garment of his despair; they found themselves cupping a handful of soggy leaves and the thin milk line of a bright green spider.

Thus Richard Hadley began to laugh, singing Yogi-like before the empty mountain, and remembering that he was no longer Richard Hadley anymore—that another man's blood now mixed with his own, a madman's plasma.

Dankly, he snapped the bottles to his side. He walked back down the hill, and into the cabin. He walked. There he took the bottles to the bedroom door. With the timeless patience of a black cat voyaging the Gold streets, Richard Hadley raised the latch.

The pulse at Harriet's temple beat with a thick regularity beneath the lavender's single eye. Richard Hadley's tongue found his lips and the bittersweet taste of blood. He walked to the

bed. Harriet lay peacefully and quiet; the rough child's hair looked soft now, as her skin was soft, the blankets gathered loosely on her bosom. He desired her beautiful, he loved her now. His future hand curled placidly and waited on the pillow by her face, the body silent with her life. One finger touched her eyelids, with the care of butterflies or moths. Gently, he drew a hand across her face and chest, feeling the warm and silken texture of her skin, the hot throb of liquid on her veins. He leaned down now as if to kiss his wife, but she started him with the stink staring at her eyes.

"Richard," she said, "what are you . . ."

After a time, he crept slowly from the room, in gratitude, feeling his fullness. Beneath the trees, on the sides of the dark hill, Richard Hadley made his bed. He unspun the earth cheaply, he made himself a cocoon of bone and earth and human bones.

Richard Hadley awoke with the sun's west rising and shook the strands of bed from his hair. Now the cat on his lip had snarled and opened, and he looked with thoughtful curiosity at the bright red drops which fell upon his hand.



NEW SOUND

(Continued from Page 61)

rites. Rogers came out of the booth. "What's up?" he asked. "This is a nice bit, let's get it on tape." "Okay," Cane said. "We'll run through it again first."

Cane began the introduction, in which he played a simple, one-handed twelve phrases after a couple of bars, he fingered a bassoonist. It went well, with a nice lift. The others came in on cue and the song swung easily. Played properly for the first time, it was evident that the arrangement was effective. There were no faults. At the end, Cane looked at the band. "Let's do it, right, kids?" The band got up as Rogers cast the tape. "Take it easy," he said. Cane counted off. This time, everything fell into place. It was a beautifully executed job from end to end. When it was over, Rogers called, "That did it, fellows. Great!" The band listened admiringly to the final applause. Cane, grinning, followed the boy on his big bongo. "Swing," he said. "Yeah," Cane agreed.

Apartide had packed his vanishes and departed quietly during the taping of the final number, as there was no climactic part in the arrangement. Now the others straightened ties and donned jackets. In cigarettes and weed about, packing their instruments. Parisher and Rogers came out of the rented room. "The power cut, man," Rogers said. "A good night's work." It was now eleven-thirty. Four sides of the motorcycle album had been taped successfully, four had been taped at an earlier session, and now Rogers and Valentine discussed available studio time for the final session. The following Friday was best for Cane and the band. Valentine checked schedules and found available time, and the date was set.

"How do you like this piece?" Rogers asked Cane. "Tut, tut, lad," Cane said. "You played better, though." "You ought to come up to my place one of these nights. I've got a concert Baldwin and I." Rogers said. "Bring Louis." Louis is Cane's young and pretty wife. "Joni, I'd like to—but where?" Cane said. "I work six nights a week and usually gig the weekends." "How about the Vegas show?" Rogers asked. "I guess it's about set." Cane said. Cane had been invited to open a show featuring Herb Jeffries at a big Las Vegas Strip spot. He was planning to take along about the same group that had just recorded. "Sounds real good," Rogers said. "This album—with it to big?" Cane asked him. Rogers laughed. "I'm counting on it," he assured Cane. "That new sound—if it catches . . ." Cane looked at me. "What do you think, Joni?" he asked.

"I liked it fine," I told him.



OPERA NIGHTS

The discussion can be about
Who has the best singing
Cane's impulsive answer may say
that he thinks he's the best.



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